

# SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME XXXIII NO. 309

SEYMOUR, INDIANA, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1908.

PRICE TWO CENTS

## RAILROAD RUMOR

### Sale or Lease of Southern Indiana Reported Again.

The reported sale of the Southern Indiana comes to the front again. A dispatch from Bloomington adds to the report that went out from Linton a few days ago. Both of these reports relate to a rumor that the Illinois Central has either purchased or leased the John R. Walsh railroad properties and that plans are being perfected to adopt the policies inaugurated by Mr. Walsh, which he was not financially able to carry out. The Indianapolis Southern, the new road out of Indianapolis into the coal fields, is now a part of the Illinois Central and if the same system has control of the Southern Indiana it will have a big advantage over other roads in the Indiana coal and stone field.

The Illinois Central is a big system and it would doubtless put the Walsh properties on a paying basis in a short time. Several other railroad systems have looked with favor on the Southern Indiana and it is said some of them have been trying to get control of the property for more than two years.

### Sunday School Reports.

ATTENDANCE	COLLECTION
Methodist.....144	2 85
Baptist.....173	4 39
Presbyterian.....75	1 15
German Methodist..76	1 03
Central Christian..52	96
Nazarene.....46	3 68
St. Paul.....54	1 04
Woodstock.....31	1 15
Total.....651	\$16 25

The attendance at most of the Sunday Schools was reduced slightly Sunday on account of the rain. The attendance for December is always good and if the weather is at all favorable the reports for next Sunday will be much better.

### Missionary Tea.

The ladies of the Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. church will hold their quarterly tea meeting Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Henry Bergdoll on west Fourth street. An excellent program has been prepared. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

### Early Annoucement.

The managers of the Crothersville Fair makes an early announcement for their fair next year. The date fixed is Aug. 31 to Sept. 3, 1909. H. M. Lett is the president of H. L. Bridges the secretary.

### Dreamland Tonight.

"Determined Lovers," and "Bachelor's Baby." Latest Pictorial Ballad, "The Nightingale and Violet." A special Tuesday night.

Mrs. Elias Champion and grandson, Wallace Vernerder, returned home this morning from a visit with relatives at Shelbyville.

## Moved Band Organ.

Charles Nicholson took his band organ to Brownstown Monday afternoon where he and James Bosley are conducting a skating rink. They opened the rink last week and are having a good patronage. A number of people from Seymour have already skated at the rink and others will go down when the weather becomes more favorable. On account of the poor railroad accommodations it is impossible to go down from here any other way than to drive.

## Help The Shoppers.

The readers of the REPUBLICAN look for store news everyday. They're now making their Christmas shopping lists and have been helped by suggestions already found in the space used by some of the merchants. They keep an eye on what the merchants say to the public.

## Attention Woodmen!

Election of officers for the year 1909 at the regular meeting Wednesday night. All members urged to be present.

W. H. LEMP, C.  
GEO. F. MEYER, Clerk.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Weekly arrived this morning and will visit with relatives and friends at Surprise, Columbus and other places. They formerly lived near Surprise and moved to Colorado in the fall of 1907. They are well known in the northwest part of Jackson county.

Miss Clara Firsich and Miss Lillian Reinhart, both of North Vernon, returned home Sunday afternoon after being here a few days the guest of Miss Mayme Reinhart, of South Broadway.

Roger Craig returned to Indiana University today after spending a few days with his parents at West Reddingtown. He graduated from the Seymour high school last spring.

Chief Moritz took James B. Hobson and Geneva Hall to Brownstown this morning to serve out jail sentences given them in the Mayor's court.

John R. Barick, of Upper Sandusky, O., is spending two weeks here with his brother, M. A. Barick and family.

Amizoni Montgomery came over from North Vernon this morning where he has been for the past few days.

The Postal telegraph messenger is out today in a brand new "regulation" uniform, including suit and cap.

## Advertised Letters.

The following is a list of letters remaining in the postoffice at Seymour and if not called for within 14 days will be sent to the dead letter office.

### LADIES.

Miss Lolla Banks.

Miss Ruby Pickett.

### GENTS.

John Bajorek.

Mr. E. D. Emery.

T. J. Kern.

Mr. Sam Lucas.

Mr. J. R. Stewart.

WM. P. MASTERS, P. M.

Seymour, Nov. 30, 1908.

## PROPOSED LAW

### To Give Railroad Commission Power Over Public Utilities.

A complete public utilities bill, giving the railroad commission wide power over all public utilities of the State and carrying a maximum appropriation of \$52,000, has just been published in pamphlet form, and copies are being distributed over the state.

This bill has been patterned after the Wisconsin law, but with amendments suggested by Wisconsin officials who know the weaknesses of their own law after giving it a trial.

The purpose of this proposed law is to broaden the scope of the Railroad Commission and give it authority over public service corporations, such as telephones, telegraph companies, lighting companies, water companies, etc., just as it now has authority over railroads. New York has such a law as well as Wisconsin.

The belief of men who have studied this question is that such a commission will be good for the public service corporations as well as the people. The bill that has been prepared will be introduced early in the next session of the legislature.

## Closed Meeting.

Rev. Harley Jackson arrived here Monday morning from Mitchell where he was engaged for three weeks in a meeting at the Christian Church. He reports a very successful meeting. There were 36 additions to the church 24 of whom were men and women of families. Last Wednesday noon Mr. Jackson spoke to about 800 men at the big cement plant. Sunday Miss Anna Carter, of this city sang at both the morning and evening services conducted by Mr. Jackson. Before Mr. Jackson came home the church board held a meeting and asked him to return next fall for a meeting of six weeks.

## Red Cross Stamps.

The American National Red Cross has issued a beautifully engraved Christmas stamp for attaching to Christmas packages. These stamps do not carry any kind of mail, but any kind of mail will carry them. They sell at one cent each and the proceeds are used to stamp out the white plague. This plan was started last year in another state, the stamps became so popular that funds were obtained sufficient to do effective work. The stamps sold in Indiana will be used to establish a hospital in this state. They may be obtained at the REPUBLICAN office or at W. F. Peter Drug Co.

## Uniontown Institute.

The farmers Institute at Uniontown will be held tomorrow and several will go from Seymour. The people there announce free dinner to visitors and they will be able to take care of all who go. John Q. Foster will be in charge and has arranged a good program. This will be the first institute this season. The second institute will be at Brownstown on Wednesday this week.

Mr. A. J. Pellens is pleased to announce to his customers that he has secured the agency for Zemo, the best known remedy for the positive and permanent cure of Eczema, Pimples, Dandruff, Blackheads, Piles and every form of skin or scalp disease. Zemo gives instant relief and cures by destroying the germ that causes the disease, leaving a nice clear healthy skin. See display and photos of cures made by Zemo.

Porter Cooper, the small son of John Cooper, of Washington county, was instantly killed recently by a tree burning down and falling upon him crushing his head.

Hamilton county is building some of the most expensive gravel roads in the state. Contracts are being let for nine miles of gravel road which are to cost \$80,000.

Some of the I. U. students who have been at home on their Thanksgiving vacation returned to Bloomington on the early B. & O. train this morning.

Sherman Day and Andy Huber have returned from New Albany where they went to load six cars of new machinery for the Woolen Mill.

Miss Lydia Harlow and Miss Koop went to Cincinnati Sunday where they will stay till next spring.

The Progressive Music Co. sold a fine Auto Marquette Piano to Mrs. Geo. Sweazy Saturday.

Sprengr's barber shop is the best.

## Drouth Broken.

The drouth has at last been broken, or at least to a great extent alleviated. Yesterday was the first rainy Sunday Seymour has seen for many weeks and the rainfall was not heavy. However in other places the rain was heavier and from the southwest comes the report of great floods. In Oklahoma three thousand people were rendered homeless. The drouth this year has been unusually long and has extended practically throughout the country. Many rivers are the lowest they have ever been known and most of the streams are lower than they have been for many years. There have been an unusual number of complaints from cities where the source of their water supply failed several weeks ago. Bloomington, North Vernon, Scottsburg and many other towns in this part of the state have been among the sufferers. Seymour has been exceedingly fortunate as its supply of filtered city water has been as plentiful as the water in White river itself and there has hardly been a time during the drouth when there was not the usual strong pressure in the water mains. In case of fire there has always been all the water that was needed with a strong pressure and there has never been any trouble from that source. The low water has laid many cities open to the dangers of disease and pestilence but Seymour has missed it all. The dry weather has been very hard on horses that had to travel on the dusty roads and the death of many in this county and elsewhere has been traced to a disease brought on by the dry weather.

## Feeble Old Lady Has Strength Restored By Vinol.

Mrs. Michael Bloom, of Lewistown, Pa., who is 80 years of age, says: "For a long time I have been so feeble that I have had to be wheeled around in an invalid's chair. I had no strength and took cold at the slightest provocation, which invariably settled on my lungs, and a cough would result. My son learned of the cod liver preparation called Vinol, and procured a bottle for me. It built up my strength rapidly, and after taking three bottles I am able to do most of my work, and I can walk a quarter of a mile easily. Every aged or weak person who requires strength should try Vinol. I am delighted with what it has done for me."

As a body builder and strength creator for old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, and after sickness, Vinol is unexcelled. If it fails to give satisfaction we will return your money.

W. F. Peter Drug Co., Seymour.

## Many Friends Called.

The celebration of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Huffman Saturday afternoon was a very pleasant event and none enjoyed it more than Mr. and Mrs. Huffman. A great many of their friends and neighbors called during the afternoon to extend to them congratulations on their golden wedding anniversary and left tokens of their esteem and friendship. The arrangements were in charge of Mrs. Chas. W. Graessle assisted by other members of the family and immediate friends. The plans were exceedingly well made and executed perfectly. The parlors and the dining room, where refreshments were served, were beautifully decorated with cut flowers and plants. Mr. and Mrs. Huffman received numerous valuable presents including quite a sum in gold coin.

## Found Box And Papers.

Elmer Burkdoll found another one of the boxes and some of the papers taken from the Pearl Laundry safe which was robbed a few weeks ago. They were returned to Martin Harlow. He found them in the mouth of a tile on Fifth street between Chestnut and Walnut streets. Another one of the boxes were found sometime ago on east Second street.

## Getting Better.

Dr. F. Lett, who has been taking treatment at Dr. Morrow's sanitarium at Columbus the last week, is reported to be improving.

## Harmony Hall,

### The New Music Store.

Displaying a full line of Musical Instruments, Pianos, String Instruments, Phonographs, Records, Sheet Music, Post Cards, Albums, Burnt Wood, Art Novelties, Solid and Hammered Brass, Arms and Crafts Ware, Arts and Crafts Jewelry, Pompeian Ware, Stationery and all kinds of Musical Supplies. Call and see the handsome line of Hand Painted China on display. Have you seen "The Flyers." Call and let us tell you about it.

Weithoff & Kernan,

Cor. St. Louis Ave. and Chestnut St.

# GIVEN AWAY

## THIS WEEK

### \$3.00 in Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass

We will give free this week \$3.00 worth of any of our Jewelry, Silverware or Cut Glass as may be selected, to the person who this week writes for us the best four-line stanza of poetry, advertising our store and our Holiday Goods. We have the finest line we have ever carried and at prices that will please you. We know you will say so too when you look at them. The following are the conditions:

1. Each stanza must consist of four lines, advertising our line of holiday goods.
2. No person can submit more than one stanza. Each contribution will be numbered when submitted and a record of the numbers kept. The judges will award the prize by number only.
3. The best stanzas will be published each evening without the names of the authors.
4. On Saturday evening the stanza awarded the prize will be published and the name of the person awarded the prize.
5. All stanzas must be delivered, at our store, between now and 12 o'clock noon on Friday, December 4.
6. The award will be made by three disinterested judges: C. D. Billings, Dr. H. R. Luckey and E. A. Remy.

# STRATTON

## THE JEWELER

16 S. Chestnut Street, SEYMOUR, INDIANA

## The Life of Mitchell.

The cement industry at Mitchell continues to grow and there seems to be no longer any indications of slack business there. The two plants there are running full time, even working on Sundays. With all this it seems impossible to keep up with the orders. The two largest cement mills in the state are located at Mitchell and the same company is making preparations to build another mill larger than both of these put together. Work on the same will be begun as early as possible. The mills now in operation at Mitchell employ several hundred men and the number will be increased by several hundred more when the new cement mill and the shops are completed. The cement mills have only been in operation at Mitchell a few years but it is claimed that the census of 1910 will show that the population of the town has almost doubled since the census of 1900. In 1900 the population was 1,772.

## Only a Rumor.

A report has been in circulation up and down the interurban line that a dining car service was soon to be established between Louisville and Chicago. The report states that the new dining cars have been ordered. It also states that as soon as the dining car experiment is tried interurban sleeping cars between Louisville and Chicago will be installed. Officials of the local interurban line say they have never heard of these reports and if interurban dining and sleeping cars are to be installed they know nothing about it. Conditions will not be such that attraction cars can be run through from Louisville to Chicago until spring as one of the connecting links in northern Indiana has not yet been completed.—Columbus Republican.

## Going West.

Howard Balsley was here from Indianapolis Sunday the guest of relatives and friends. He and his sister will leave in a few days for Utah and they may remain in that state. Part of the family is already there. Howard has been the chief clerk in the republican state committee rooms for the last ten months and proved a valuable man in that place.

## Merry Widow McCarty.

Next Thursday evening the "Merry Widow McCarty" and her seven daughters and O'Hooligan will be at the Majestic to entertain and amuse the people. See display #1.

# Artist Recital

## Majestic Theatre

### Tuesday Evening, December 1st,

The Progressive Muscalle Club, of Seymour, Presents

## Ludwig Becker

### Violinist,

And Concert-Meister of Theodore Thomas Orchestra, of Chicago, for their annual Artist Recital. Admission 50 cents. Seats on sale at Miller's Book Store Monday, November 30th, beginning at 9:30 a. m.

# Majestic Theatre

Thursday, Dec. 3rd

## The Merry Widow

# McCARTY

### AND HER BEAUTY CHORUS

A Happy Combination of Mirth, Music and Merriment

The All Fun Show you have all heard of. No waits between laughs. 5th Triumphant Season. Praised by the papers. Patronized by the public. Played at popular prices. Don't miss the best show of the season.

PRICES—25-35-50-75 cents. Seat Sale Miller's Book Store.

# Richart

## For Shoes and Rubbers

We carry the best line of medium priced Shoes you can find on the market. We have them in all leathers for ladies, men, girls and boys. We have just received a nice line of Low Heel Shoes for big girls, both in button and lace. Just the shoe for school wear. There is no doubt that our stock of Rubber Goods is the most complete in the city.

Yours For Shoes

# RICHART

Opposite Interurban Station



SMITH & REMY, Publishers.  
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

The corn shredder is getting in its annual autumn work, with the gun of the careless hunter.

Superior reports that seventeen wolves have been shot in Douglas county during the past week. Hunting of this kind is of a preservative character, as hundreds of deer are killed annually by voracious wolves.

The Wisconsin Teachers' Association has doubled in membership since four years ago. Its annual convention which will gather in Milwaukee this week will be the largest and most important it has ever held.

The official order for the abandonment of Fort Keogh, Montana, will recall to many the stirring times of thirty years ago, when that part of the country was infested with bands of hostile Indians. Things have changed since Custer and his heroic band were slaughtered to a man on the Rosebud.

The reported branding with acid in a high school fraternity initiation at Los Angeles is a sample of the insanity which characterize many of the fraternity pranks. If Los Angeles has not started a movement against Greek letter societies in high schools it ought to begin without further delay.

The report that cranberries are to be high in price because of a short crop is discredited by accounts from Cape Cod, where the growers are said to be holding back their product because free selling would flood the markets and lower prices. It is evident that there will be plenty of cranberry sauce for this winter's turkey dinners.

Fish must be plentiful off the Atlantic coast. The steamer Ligonea was struck by a tidal wave off Diamond shoal lightship, and her officers state that the receding water left so many fish on deck that the crew filled the icebox with cod, hake and haddock. But sailors are born romancers, and this may be the prize fish story of the year.

The Netherlands has waited a long time for Castro. Away back in May it fixed November 1 as the date till which it would wait for the revocation of his decree prohibiting the transshipment of goods for Venezuelan ports at Curacao. The date has arrived and passed. If the will probably be a blockade of Venezuela. Netherlands decides upon a resort to force to attain her end, the next move an ports.

Sandy Hook lightship is to be removed from its historic post because the completion of the new Ambrose channel leading into New York bay takes steamers so far from "the Hook" that there is small likelihood of their touching upon it. But mariners will miss the old ship, and there will undoubtedly be clamor for its restoration. The transatlantic racers will have to chose a new mark for the completion of their westward voyages.

Chicago's commissioner of health declares that six tons of soot are annually deposited on an acre of ground at Michigan avenue and Park row, by railroad locomotives. This statement accentuates the desirability of electric traction at railroad terminals, and also reveals room for improvement in the burning of coal by which this waste may be prevented. Thousands of tons of fuel are blown through locomotive stacks by the exhaust pipes every year, in the United States.

New York city has thirty-seven recreation piers, which usually remain idle during the winter months. But it has been suggested that the piers be inclosed for the housing of 10,000 of the idle men of the city who are without homes, and the dock commissioner intends to do this unless legal obstacles intervene. This idea of utilizing city property may suggest similar schemes to the officials of other cities which are faced with the problem of providing for unemployed people during the winter.

The fight with fire on the passenger steamer Luckenbach, which arrived at San Juan, Porto Rico, with a fire in her hold that had resisted efforts to extinguish it for four days, is an incident which reveals what coolness and determination may accomplish in the face of odds that are terrifying to the average man. The captain of the Luckenbach acted wisely in bottling up the fire and fighting it in a way that would not permit of the ingress of air to feed the flames, and the passengers owe their safe arrival in Porto Rico to his good judgment.

Vice-Consul Chanler reports from Dailney that 500,000 Russians have moved into Siberia from European Russia during the past year, and that each of these colonists received thirty-seven acres of land free, with the assurance that there would be no taxes for the first year of occupation, and only 50 per cent. of the regular tax for the second year. Siberia will soon become an inviting country if opportunity is thus opened for the Russian peasants, and the improvement in social conditions there will be reflected in the course of time, in the entire body politic of the Czar's empire.

The Mohonk Conference contends that the coastwise shipping act should be modified in the interest of fairness to the citizens of Hawaii. The Hawaiians are now prohibited from traveling from the islands to the Pacific coast in foreign ships, on pain of \$200 fine, and as American ships are few and far between, it may be necessary for Americans to wait sometimes as long as ten days to secure a ship which flies the American flag. This is troublesome when they are hurriedly summoned to the coast from the islands in emergencies. The act should be amended so that

travel will be as free for Americans between the coast and the islands as it is to foreigners.

The slowness of the immigration business at the present time is shown by the fact that six great ocean liners recently landed the record aggregate of steerage passengers for any one day during the past twelve months, although the total was only 2623. Under normal economic conditions, the immigrants on these steamers would have numbered fully 10,000. But light immigration is desirable when business is depressed, and there is no complaint on that score except perhaps on the part of the steamship companies, whose receipts from steerage travel have been heavily reduced.

What seemed like tidal waves to the masters and crews of the river steamers spread terror and consternation along the Mississippi river from Hickman, Kentucky, to Cairo, Illinois. The disturbance was caused by a tremendous landslide involving hundreds of acres resulting from steady erosion by the uncontrollable currents. The incident suggests the tremendous problems that must be attacked by those who are now talking glibly about the task of digging deep channels in the Mississippi river and canalizing the stream wherever that method is suggested by topographical conditions.

On Monday last the court of general sessions in New York city imposed fines aggregating one thousand dollars on milk dealers and butchers who were arraigned for violating the law which prohibits the adulteration of food products. The milk dealers were found guilty of using water and formaldehyde, and the butchers of using a preparation of sulphurous acid for the preservation of meats. This foray is evidence that people are becoming earnest in their demands for the maintenance of purity in foods, and milk dealers, butchers and others should take warning. They have heretofore heard growing, mainly, but now there seems to be action all along the line.

THE WEATHER AND COLORS.

What to Wear and What Not to Wear in Different Climates.

In the course of a recent lecture delivered before the Royal United States Service institution in London a retired English army officer dealt with some interesting facts pertaining to the question of health in tropical climates. The officer in question, Col. Mande, late of the Royal engineers, in the course of his remarks pointed out the relation between active rays and their effect upon the great nerve centers running down the spinal column. If these rays are excessive upon the stomach, provoking digestive disorders as well as tending to the dangerous malady of sunstroke.

Consequently it is obvious that if a non-actinic material were worn next to the skin the effect of the actinic rays would be nullified. Col. Mande personally tried the experiment some twenty-five years ago, and the relief thus secured was remarkable, since he was able to prosecute his duties in the hottest sun without inconvenience of experiencing any ill-effects. The non-actinic material alluded to was simply a red fabric, with which he had lined his fish helmet and service uniform.

The same phenomenon has been observed by other soldiers while on active duty in torrid climates, who, by lining their wearing apparel and caps or helmets with red have secured instant relief from the afflictions incidental to working beneath a blazing sun. Col. Mande's experience, though it may not always have been based on his scientific knowledge of the subject, is merely that of every officer and enlisted man of the United States army who has marched or footed upon the great shadeless plains of the west. Here the summer temperature is sufficient to raise iron to an unbearable heat, yet private soldiers and common laborers who wear red flannel next to the skin suffer no bodily pains, though they pursue their tasks for hours on end in the broiling sun.

Vicissitudes of a Picture.

The note on the vicissitudes of Leonardo da Vinci's picture, "Last Supper," reminds a correspondent of the strange experiences of Holbein's "Field of the Cloth of Gold," which may be seen any day at Hampton court palace. After the downfall of Charles I. Cromwell, in order to raise funds, proposed the sale of certain pictures, this among the number. The bargain was already made, but when the would-be purchaser came to inspect Holbein's masterpiece he discovered that the head of Henry VIII. had been cut from the canvas. He naturally withdrew his offer, and the picture was preserved to the nation. On the restoration a nobleman confessed to having committed the theft for love of art and his country, and he returned the missing head, which now occupies its original position in the canvas. The circle made by the knife is still plainly visible.

Japanese Nobleman a Colorado Farmer.

Alfred Takeda Satow, a Japanese nobleman, who bought a farm near La Salle three years ago and mastered the art of farming, now doing well, has married a accomplished American girl of Alabama and about that time changed his surname to Satow.—Denver Republican.

Profitable Mussel Gathering.

Owing to low water the mussel gathering industry on the Indiana side of the Wabash river west of Owensville has at any period in the past. Those engaged in the business assert that \$30,000 worth of pearls have been taken from the bed of the river this season. This includes a territory only thirty miles long on the Indiana side. Mussel shells are now selling for \$13 a ton, and there is a ready demand for them from the manufacturers of pearl buttons. One hundred and sixty tons were shipped from Grayville to an Iowa factory this week.—Indianapolis News.

Don't Burn Your Autumn Leaves.

You might as well put a \$2 bill in the fire as to burn your autumn leaves. The thing to do is to make a compost heap of them, that is, simply pile them up and cover with branches to keep them from blowing away, and a year from now you will have perfect leaf mold to use in potting bulbs and lightening flower beds. Leaf mold is absolutely essential in the cultivation of many lilies and other choice plants.—Garden Magazine.

A SONG OF FAR TRAVEL.

Many a time some drowsy ear  
From the nearer bank invited,  
Crossed a narrow stream, and bore  
In among the reeds moon-lighted,  
There to leave me on a shore  
No ferryman hath sighted.

Many a time a mountain stile,  
Dark and bright with sudden wetting,  
Lured my vagrant foot the while  
'Twixt uplifting and down-setting,  
Whither? Thousand mile on mile  
Beyond the last forgetting.

Still by hidden ways I wend,  
(Past occasion grown a ranger);  
Still enchantment, like a friend,  
Takes from death the tang of danger:  
Hardly river or road can end  
Where I need step a stranger!

—Louise Imogen Guiney, in the Atlantic.

HIS DAUGHTER'S CHOICE.

"I want £50!" The speaker paused dramatically. "Don't remind me that my allowance is overdrawn already; I know it. If you won't give it me, call it a loan and charge interest—any rate you like. But the money I must have somehow, or be ruined!"  
"I'm afraid you're that already, Clive!" John Granger, rising from his chair, regarded the younger man with scorn. "Another gambling affair, I suppose—a debt of honor?" he said, in icy tones. "Well, you'll have no more money from me—not a penny. I warned you last time that you need never ask again; and my word is my bond!"

"And—and you'll see me disgraced, never able to look a decent man in the face again, for the sake of a paltry £50!"  
"No! for your own sake, Clive! When I promised your dying father to look after his son, I vowed that I would carry that promise out loyally for the sake of the friendship that had lived for years. I've done it! You've been brought up in my own house, with my own child; every possible help that I could give you, you've had. Now it's got to end! You've lived in luxury too long; perhaps if you see a little of the sterner side of life it will bring you to your senses!"

"Oh, don't preach!" retorted Clive Thornhill, bitterly. "That sort of thing only makes a fellow worse; and I've heard it all so often. Are you such a saint yourself?" he asked, fiercely. "Have you nothing to reproach yourself with—no skeleton in your own cupboard? I wonder what Winnie would think, for instance, if I were to tell her—"

"What?" John Granger faced round sharply; his eyes seemed to challenge the other in that swift glance. "What?" he asked again.

"Well, that the mother whom she believes to be dead still lives!" said Thornhill, in a sullen, dogged voice. He had not meant to play that last card yet; but it had been forced from him somehow. There was a pause, during which the ticking of the clock on the shelf was the only sound that broke the stillness. "Oh, you know that, do you?" said his guardian, slowly. "How you know it I'm not going to ask; I don't want to know. But if you think that it makes one jot or tittle of difference, you're mistaken. I'm the last man in the world to be bullied or blackmailed; you should know that also, Clive! And now good night and—good-bye! I think we'd better part company after this, don't you?"

He did not offer his hand, neither did the lad attempt to take it. Dumbfounded, he stood there an instant; then, without a word, he turned on his heel and left the room.

John Granger sank back into his chair. "How did he come to know?" he whispered, hoarsely. "Who told him?"

But the question found no answer. The door had hardly closed when the French windows at the other end of the room were pulled back violently. A girl, with white, tragic face, emerged and came toward him.

"Dad," she moaned, "I was in the conservatory and I heard—yes, every word! What Clive said isn't true; oh, tell me it isn't true!"

She fell on her knees by his side, and her hand sought his beseechingly. John Granger was a hard man. His enemies said it often, and his few friends did not deny the assertion. But all knew there was one soft spot in his heart. His daughter, Winnie, was the flower of his life—his idol; he would have cut off his right hand to save her pain. And now he was powerless to help her.

"Little girl," he whispered in that broken voice, "I meant you never to know; I had told myself that it was better you never should know. But now it is idle to deny it. It is true."

"Listen!" he went on. "Your mother and I were never well mated. She was some years younger than I, a butterfly of the gay world; the humdrum existence of a grimy little manufacturing town chafed her after the whirl and swirl of London. She was always pining for change, gaiety, pleasure; she could not understand my desire to remain here. When you came on the scene things were worse. She looked upon a child as a hindrance and a drag instead of a blessing. Oh, how I hated her for that! And then—and then—" the words choked in his throat—"we decided to live apart, she to go her way and I to go mine!"

"And you never told me! You have let me grow to womanhood believing her dead! Daddy," she went on after a short pause, "you were more cruel than you knew. My mother must be either a very brave woman or a very callous and heartless one, and that I can't believe. You misunderstood her—never realized her true nature—that must be the explanation of it all. Tell me where she lives."

He wrote some words on a sheet of paper and passed it to her without speaking.  
"No. 12 Lavender Mansions, Clapham. I must go to London tomorrow and see her!"

"No!"  
She glanced at him questioning.

"No! But you don't mean that. You are not serious."

"I mean it." His voice was harsh, stern, forbidding. She could see the corners of his mouth twitch strangely. "I say again that you must not go, Winnie. You must choose between your mother and me; you cannot have both. That chapter of my life is closed, and I refuse, once for all, to reopen it. You understand?"

"I understand." Whole seconds hung between those two words. Her breath came and went in little gasps; she clenched her teeth to keep a sob from

breaking forth. Suddenly she bent and kissed his forehead. "Good night, daddy," she said, in a queer shaky voice. "I—I wonder if you know how hard you can be!"

John Granger came down to breakfast in an ill-humor next morning. He had spent a bad night. Oldtime specities had haunted his slumber, and an uncomfortable feeling that the future would bring him fresh worries refused to be shaken off. Winnie was not visible—an unusual occurrence. Picking up his letters, he noticed at once that there was an unstamped one on the top. Her writing! What could it mean? He tore it open and read feverishly.

"Darling Father: I do not, cannot think that you really meant all that you said when we talked last night. In any case, I must see my mother—you will have realized that; and I am going to London by the first train this morning. Will you send me a wire to Saint Pancras station? If I don't get one I shall know—but I can't consider any such possibility. Dear old daddy, I don't think I have ever disobeyed you knowingly before. Try to forgive your daughter, who still loves you with all her heart. Your own Winnie."

Gone! He fell groaning into a chair, only to start up next moment and ring the bell furiously.

"What time did Miss Winifred leave?" he shouted to the domestic who appeared.

"To catch the 7:20 to London, sir!" was the answer. "Perkins drove her to the station."

A second question elicited the information that she had taken a hastily packed traveling bag with her. He began to realize that some of his own determination ran in her veins.

"I want to see your mistress. No, there's no name. Let me go in unannounced." The maid who answered the bell at No. 12 Lavender mansions, that next morning, knew not what to make of the stern, masterful, gray-haired man who addressed her in such summary fashion. She saw with relief that another person was at hand to whom she could transfer her responsibility. John Granger had seen, too; he stepped forward with a sudden glad exclamation.

"Winnie!"  
The girl coming down the stairs looked up. There was a quick rush of color to her cheeks.

"Daddy—you!" she cried. "But—but this is an insult. After what has gone you have no right here. Before you go a step I demand to know—"

"Hush!" His hand was raised. "I have every right. Wait!"

Something in his face made her draw back and raise no further protest. Silently she pointed to the door of a room. John Granger understood. Gripping hard at his self-control, he opened the door and peeped inside; then, turning, closed it quickly, quietly, behind him. The woman with the sad, beautiful face who was sitting by the window, gasped faintly, and half rose from her seat. He spoke her name softly, tenderly.

"Mary! Yes, it is I—at last. Twenty years ago you told me that I should live to regret, and I vowed passionately that it was impossible. You were right and I was wrong. I've come to beg forgiveness for that and many other things. I've been a hard man all my life—too hard. But I've learned my lesson and had my punishment—bitter, heavy punishment it's been. Mary—wife—our girl Winnie's waiting and wondering out there. She knows that I'm here. Can you—can you, for her sake, if not for mine, forgive the past? Can we start life afresh—together?"

And the answer? Winnie knew five minutes later, when they came to her with shining faces and their arms locked, and such a wealth of happiness in her mother's eyes as had never been there before.—Wilfred Stretton in London Tit-Bits.

HABITS OF MUTTON BIRDS.

Antarctic Sooty Petrels Fraternize with Snakes.

Large poisonous snakes and mutton birds, otherwise known as antarctic sooty petrels, fraternize in the Furneaux island rookeries, northeast of Tasmania, according to Consul Baker of Hobart, who investigated the habits of the birds. The mutton bird hunters in reaching into the nests frequently lay hold of snakes instead of birds. The mutton birds fly swiftly and irregularly, and the consul mentions that Capt. Flinders of the British royal navy reported that a flock of the birds he once saw was forty miles in length. Even the lighthouse at Goose island, one of the Furneaux group, has to be protected from the birds by iron screen work and frequently hundreds of dead birds are found at the lighthouse base. The birds are very methodical, arriving in enormous numbers at the rookeries every year about September 20.

After the eggs have been laid the male and female birds take turns at hatching, each partner when relieved scouring the country in all-day quests for food.

Time Records on Land.

Electric locomotive, 27 seconds, 1903.  
Automobile, 28½ seconds, 1906.  
Steam locomotive, 32 seconds, 1893.  
Motor-paced cycle, 1 minute 6 1/5 seconds, 1904.  
Bicycle, unpaced, 1 minute 49 2/5 seconds, 1904.  
Running horse, 1 minute 35½ seconds, 1890.  
Pacing horse, 1 minute 55 seconds, 1906.  
Trotting horse, 1 minute 38½ seconds, 1906.  
Man skating, 2 minutes 6 seconds, 1896.  
Man running, 4 minutes 12½ seconds, 1887.  
Man, walking, 6 minutes 23 seconds, 1890.

It will be observed that the difference between the locomotives and the automobile is trifling. For 100 miles the record of the steam locomotive is much better than that of the auto. However, both the electric locomotive and the auto may be expected to show further improvement, as their development is incomplete, while their steam brother has attained about the limit. It is also interesting to note that a so-called automobile locomotive has been constructed, this being a railway locomotive designed to use gas, after the fashion of a gasoline auto. The horse racing and foot racing records added to the table were all made in recent years. Evidently we breed better and train better than ever before.—Charles H. Cochrane in Metropolitan Magazine.

Hazarding a Guess.

Dumley—Say, do you know anything about golf?

Pepprey—Not much. Why?

Dumley—What's a "bunker," do you know?

Pepprey—I suppose it's one of those cranks that simply live on the links.—Philadelphia Press.

TEA-TABLE SALAD.

Proof.



Jigson—So your grandfather lived to be 90 years old, eh. Did he retain possession of his faculties until the end?

Jagson—Can't say. His will hasn't been read as yet.

Stage Realism.

Bathed in misty, moony light,  
To his love he sang that night  
What he truly meant to be  
An impassioned melody.

Little, so it seemed, recked he  
Of his rivals' rivalry,  
That with long and gleaming knife  
He was plotting 'gainst his life.

She, it seems, slept on above,  
Hearing not his song of love  
(Not strange, either, since his stumt  
Mostly was directed "front").

When last the nasal bray  
Was heard to die away  
From behind a mache tree  
Crept the villain stealthily.

With his knife raised for the plunge,  
He made the fatal lunge—  
When a tumult of applause  
Made his arm in midair pause!

Back the villain slunk, dismayed,  
While the chorus was essayed  
Gratefully again—once more  
He was folled by an encore.  
—Kansas City Times.

Indorsed the Action.

Snoozer—I think it's a shame to waste a bottle of wine every time a warship is launched.

Boozer—It's all right, pardner: jus' think how long the poor thing has to travel on water; 'tis all right, I tell yuh.  
—Toledo Blade.

Hard Hit.

"I am proud to say that my grandfather made his mark in the world," observed the conceited youth.

"Well, I suppose he wasn't the only man in those days who couldn't write his name," replied his bored companion.—Tit-Bits.

In Self-Defense.

"Great soul you have around here."

"You bet."

"Your corn must be 20 feet high."

"And we have to plant a dwarf variety to hold it down to that."—Washington Herald.

His Reasons.

"I suppose," remarked the old-time fried, "that you will have a spacious salon in the residence you are building."  
"Certainly not," answered Col. Stillwell. "I am a prohibitionist; and, besides, I am against spelling reform."—Washington Star.

Most Extraordinary.

"He has certainly raised his family in an old fashioned way."

"So?"

"Why, that man's children actually ask him for advice."—Washington Herald.

Justice Tempered with Mercy.

Judge (to prisoner)—We are now going to read to you a list of your former convictions.

Prisoner—In that case, perhaps your lordship will allow me to sit down.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Force of Example.

Kicker—What's all that noise in the rectory?

Snicker—That's the minister practising what he's going to preach.—Brooklyn Life.

Song of the Schemer.

Loretta was an heiress great,  
Her father he had started  
The industry of silver plate.  
When wealthy he departed,  
Of course the daughter was a prize,  
I bless the day I met her.  
I became rich and happy, and rolled my eyes,  
And started in to pet her.

I followed her from place to place,  
For ever was she flitting;  
And there were others vying the race,  
'Gainst one another pitting.  
I dogged her steps by night and day,  
With patience I pursued her,  
I would not let her get away,  
And ardently I wooed her.

And then, at last, my chance I got,  
No longer did I tarry.  
I talked of "love" and all that rot,  
And asked her would she marry.  
She told me that it "could not be,"  
She'd let me be her "brother";  
That sort of thing was not for me,  
And so I wed—her mother!.

—Town Topics.

Plain Dealing.



Reformer (earnestly)—Let's have an honest election.

Politician—That's what I say. Let's have it all fair and square, straight up and down. Let's don't expect any votes we don't pay for, and let's don't pay for any we don't get.

"Ours."

Today a woman's property is sacred—at any rate as sacred as a man's. A certain host remarked before his guests lately that he would send his motor to the station to meet So-and-So. "Our motor," said the hostess, who wants tone. As the lady had actually bought the motor, the correction was never.

and rankled. Next morning the host came down very late to breakfast. He was chaffed about this, and explained: "I'm sorry; the fact is, I mislaid our trousers."—Saturday Review.

Turning on the Steam.

The goldenrod blooms on the hedge,  
And an apple is ripe on the bough;  
Too soon we shall call for a wedge  
Of the pie that the pumpkins allow.  
But greater than all of these charms  
As fall blis show in a dream,  
Is the rattley-bang  
And the click and the clang.  
When the janitor turns on the steam.

The glares of the autumn are gold,  
And leaves out in Jersey glow red.  
How gayly fall's banners unfold  
To honor the summer that's dead,  
But what of the crickets that chirp?  
And what of the musical stream?

The glares of the autumn are gold,  
And leaves out in Jersey glow red.  
How gayly fall's banners unfold  
To honor the summer that's dead,  
But what of the crickets that chirp?  
And what of the musical stream?

For its clinky-zip  
On another through trip  
When the janitor turns on the steam.

The Hackensack meadows are chill  
With the breath of the day that is done;  
We reach for our "Scotch" and a pill;  
Nor care if the candidates run,  
For soft through the night we can catch  
The melody known as a "scream,"  
It's poppety-pop  
That refuses to stop  
When the janitor turns on the steam.

—New York Telegram.

'Twas Ever Thus.

The doctor sat in his office,  
Oh, a doctor young was he,  
And his waiting and consulting rooms  
Were as bare as bare could be.  
But the doctor's heart was warm and glad  
As he scratched upon a prescription pad  
A certain cure for the blues he had:

Rx  
Mary.

A young M. E. sat at his desk  
In a chilly room and bare  
And never and never an other came  
But the doctor's heart was warm and glad  
As he scratched upon a prescription pad  
A certain cure for the blues he had:

But the engineer had never a frown,  
But murmured, "Wait till I own the town!"  
And dreamily set these figures down:

3XYZ—MNx16logA—Amy.

—New York Evening Sun.

Close Quarters.

The following extract from a letter of thanks checked by its recipient:  
"The beautiful clock you sent us came in perfect condition, and is now in the parlor on top of the book shelves, where we hope to see you soon, and your husband, also, if he can make it convenient."—Youth's Companion.

Every Morning.

Paul, at the age of four, was asked one morning by his papa, "What is the name of the first meal of the day?"  
"Oatmeal," responded little Paul promptly.—The Delineator.

Heard in a Restaurant.

Gerald—On account of their similarity in dress, it's hard to tell a gentleman from a waiter.

Geraldine—But doesn't a waiter usually own his dress suit?—The Bohemian Magazine.

Grace—Dr. Violet is practicing now, isn't he?  
Ethel (blushing)—Yes.  
Grace—What are his hours?  
Ethel—From 8 to 10:30, usually, but when pa's out he stays later.

No Use for Them.

Mr. Parvenu—They tell me if we wait now we will have the benefit of the trade winds.

Mrs. Parvenu—Law sakes, John, we're out of trade now; we don't want nothin' so vulgar.—Baltimore American.

A New Brand.

Bonnie, on being told she would have to eat condensed milk on her oatmeal for breakfast, exclaimed, "I wish that old condensed cow would die!"—The Delineator.

"I suppose," said the sad-eyed youth at the musical, "you know the difference between bel canto and coloratura?"  
"Young man," answered Mr. Curox, severely, "I never bet on race horses."—Louisville Herald.

Not Amphibious.



## THE OUTLAW.

I drank of the sunlight on the spring.  
And the sunlight on the brook;  
I stretched at night on the gray, hard rock,  
And soft was the sleep I took.

I woke with the morning on my face,  
And my heart was free from care;  
And my hands were free and my feet—  
As the red hawk wheeling there.

But I thought of the houses down in the vale,  
And I thought of the little flowers  
That look so fair and smell so sweet  
In the wake of the summer showers.

—Humphreys Park, in Appleton's.

## SUSPECTS.

Montmorency Jubb, immaculately dressed in a light gray suit, with a light gray top hat to match, strolled up to the common with an expression of injured dignity on his plump, clean-shaven face.

Mr. Jubb felt that he was being exiled from his home, and he was going to do without his tea as a protest against the countenancing of evildoers. Mrs. Jubb was having friends to tea, and among them her sister's fiancé, a certain Douglas May. The invitation was one of more than a fortnight's standing, but in the meantime young May had been accused by his employers of forging a check, and after an appearance before the magistrates had been remanded on bail.

Mrs. Jubb, Mrs. Jubb's sister and her fiancé himself all declared that the charge was a preposterous one, and would be proved to be utterly unfounded. Mr. Jubb said savagely that there is never smoke without fire, and that it is impossible for suspicion to attach itself to a man who has not something shady in his constitution. At any rate, he was not going to countenance a suspect. Mrs. Jubb was equally determined to show her faith in the young man, and so it came about that Mr. Jubb was beating a dignified retreat from his own home just a little before the time that Douglas May, with his wife's other guests, was expected.

The common was a favorite resort of his. In parts it was "truly rural," as Montmorency often observed. There was one very sequestered seat, where hedged in by the silver birches and brambles, one could imagine oneself secluded in the heart of the country. He took himself to his favorite seat now to brood over his wrongs. But he did not brood long. The afternoon was warm, and, like a prudent man, he had made a more substantial midday repast than usual in anticipation of sacrificing his tea. In ten minutes he fell asleep.

He woke abruptly to find a rough-looking fellow, in an extremely dirty pair of white ducks, a greasy reefer coat and a villainous-looking peaked cap, holding a revolver to his head.

In less time than it takes to tell, he stood in his shirt, while the bandit, fortunately for him, seemed ready to dispense with, and helplessly watched the man dressing himself in his clothes.

"Ta-ta, old billiard ball!" said the assassin, as he took his hat—his immaculate, light-grey hat—and disappeared through the silver birches.

Mr. Jubb could have cried with mingled indignation and impotence. Here were a barefaced robber exposing him to an indignity unheard of, and he could not pursue him—he could not hasten in search of assistance and the police because he was not dressed. Instead of thinking of pursuit he began to wonder how he was to get home.

It was true that the highwayman had left him his own clothes, but Mr. Jubb shrank from the idea of donning them with an unspeakable loathing. He could not touch, much less walk through the High street in a filthy pair of white ducks, a greasy reefer-coat, and a villainous-looking peaked cap, not to mention the unspeakable pair of boots that had been left in place of his elegant tan shoes.

He would rather remain where he was forever, he told himself—or, at any rate, till one of the keepers of the common came to his assistance, and could be dispatched to Berkeley villa for another suit of his own clothes.

But he was not safe, even in this favorite secluded retreat, he found. As he sat on the bench and moaned, he was roused by a shriek of horror. Two elderly maiden ladies, whom he recognized, had made their way through the birches, and caught sight of him sitting, weeping, in his airy attire. One of them had turned precipitately as she shrieked. The other stood staring in petrified recognition.

"Oh, Mr. Jubb!" she cried, in shocked indignation; and then her sister caught her by the arm and hurried her away, talking shrilly about the need of a policeman.

At the thought his fastidiousness vanished, and he hurried into the dirty white ducks. He was so nervous lest the old women should be returning with an officer to arrest him that he did not hesitate a moment even over the peaked cap.

If his wife had been alone, he would have approached his home boldly, and found a pleasant solace for his own sufferings in the consternation which Matilda would feel at the sight of his deplorable appearance. But he could not run the chance of being seen by her guests—some of them strangers waiting to form their first impression of the important Montmorency Jubb.

He avoided the front of the house, and crept round stealthily to the back. He would enter by the kitchen door, explain matters briefly to Rosabel, the maid, telling her to inform nobody, and slide upstairs to change his clothes, preparatory to visiting the police station, and laying an information against his castly assailant. He seemed more fortunate even than he had hoped. The kitchen was empty.

In the drawing room two very excited old ladies were breaking to Mrs. Jubb the painful announcement that her husband had apparently become suddenly mad on the common and that she ought to set out to secure him with a closed carriage and a dressing gown.

Mrs. Jubb's sister had retained sufficient presence of mind to send Rosabel from the room before she heard more than a maid ought to hear; but Rosabel had heard enough to know what it meant when she saw her master grotesquely attired, stealing upon her with strange antics.

"He's come home!" she shrieked, in hysterical terror.

Before Mr. Jubb could rush upstairs to his room, a crowd came pouring out of the drawing room, headed by a young man whom Mr. Jubb did not know.

The disgraceful and ridiculous introduction to his wife's friends which he

had dreaded seemed imminent, and, with sudden decision, Mr. Jubb turned and fled down the stairs, through the kitchen, and out of the house.

He was not an active man naturally. It was years since he had done anything so undignified as run; but as he ran now, as only a man can run whose whole dignity is at stake, he managed to get clear away; then, panting and breathless, he found himself in the arms of a policeman.

"Just the man I am looking for!" said the constable, in a tone of satisfaction. "You come along to the station!"

"On what charge?" quivered Mr. Jubb, as soon as he could find the breath to speak at all.

"Attempted robbery, with violence!" said the policeman. "I'd warn you not to say anything until you get to the station."

Mr. Jubb had not the heart left to do so. It would be best to go to the police station, he told himself, and, after explaining who he was, remain there until he had sent a message home, and been provided with a suit of his own clothes.

The charge against him—or, rather, against the man whose clothes he wore—was a serious one, he found, when he reached the station. At 4 o'clock that afternoon, in broad daylight, a man had entered a little shop in the High street, knocked down the old lady in charge of it with a murderous blow, and been about to decamp with the till, when he was disturbed and pursued. He had managed to get away, but not before a dozen people, at least, were able to describe his appearance and dress. All the police in the district were seeking a brutal-looking man in a reefer-coat, dirty white ducks, and a peaked-cap.

Mr. Jubb was not really disturbed at all about the charge. He was far too well known and too highly respected for anybody to think either that he could knock down an old lady or wear a shabby set of clothes that did not fit him, except under compulsion.

"It is a mistake which I can explain in a few words," he began, in his best oratorical manner, in answer to the charge. "I am Mr. Jubb of Berkeley villa, and—"

The inspector stopped him with some show of interest.

"Montmorency Jubb?" he inquired; and the owner of name smiled as he answered in the affirmative. If the inspector knew him by repute, the affair was as good as settled.

The policeman had turned to a hidden recess and took from it Mr. Jubb's own immaculate, light-gray top-hat, looking little the worse for its adventures.

"Is this your property?" he asked.

Mr. Jubb smiled again as he answered. "You will find my name in full inside the lining," he said.

The inspector had found it there some little while before.

"Then I must tell you that there are two other charges against you," he said, "and I warn you that anything you say may be used against you. You are charged with insulting ladies on the common at 4:30 this afternoon. At a quarter to 5 you demanded money, with threats, from a gentleman at the other side of the common. You were pursued, and lost your hat, which gave us the clue to your identity."

"But it was not me at all!" wailed Mr. Jubb. "It must have been the man who stole my clothes. Will you let me explain?"

The inspector eyed him severely. "You will find it of no use trying to deny your identity," he said. "The ladies who laid information of your insulting behavior on the common state that they have known you for years, and had no doubt whatever of their recognition, notwithstanding your disgraceful lack of apparel. But I warn you to reserve your defense. Take him to the cells, constable!"

It was in the police cell that Mrs. Jubb found her unhappy husband half an hour later, and, after conquering a natural trepidation, due to her belief that the poor man had gone mad, dressed himself in bizarre garments, knocked an old lady down with a knuckle-duster, tried to steal her till, insulted two of his most respected lady friends, and finally threatened to blow a gentleman's brains out if he did not give him his money, before frightened Rosabel almost into a fit, she heard the whole story of his plight; and, by dint of much exertion, and by bringing a good many influential people to vouch for Jubb's immaculate respectability, managed to get him released on bail the same evening.

When he was safe in his own home, and in his own clothes, she told him some good news. The innocence of Douglas May, her sister's fiancé, had been fully established. His employers had discovered the actual forger of the cheque, and had made ample amends to Douglas for their suspicion.

Mr. Jubb, who had regained his dignity with his clothes, despite the nervous air with which Rosabel still regarded him, smiled magnanimously.

"Then, of course, I shall no longer object to the connection," he said. And Mrs. Jubb, who was still very much upset, began to cry.

"The Mays are such a respectable family," she said. "I am wondering whether Douglas will care to know us now, because there are such shocking charges against you—not just a little thing like forging a cheque; and people are sure to say that there cannot be smoke without fire! You would yourself, you know, Monty!"—London Answers.

## Vigilance Committee Organized.

A vigilance committee to keep burglars out of Cedarhurst, L. I., has been organized by the vexed villagers. The daring robbery by masked men of the home of Joseph A. Shay, associate counsel in the Hains murder defense, coming right after the other burglaries, aroused the populace to the necessity of taking active steps to prevent marauders from carrying off everything that is not nailed down. Nearly all the residents of Cedarhurst are millionaires. Mrs. Russell Sage has a magnificent estate there and the summer residence of James R. Keene is one of the show places. The village is richly defended by police protection. The force comprises half a dozen men, who have an extended and impossible territory to cover. The burglars did not seem to realize this until within the last week. Then it came upon them with a rush and they have been making visits ever since about as fast as they could get around.

## Remains.

"What's in here?" asked the tourist. "Remains to be seen," responded the guide, as he led the way into the mummy room.—Pick Me Up.

## DEATH LURKS IN BLACK MOUNTAIN

VIRGINIA PEAK CONTAINS MANY STRANGE SECRETS LOCKED IN ITS BOSOM.

## NATIVES HAVE THEIR LAWS.

Explorers Mysteriously Disappear as They Enter Deep Ravines and Are Never Found.

## THE MYSTERY DATES FAR BACK.

Within less than half a century many persons have been swallowed up in the deep ravines of Black Mountain, in Wise county, Virginia, never to be found again. The old mountain, with its somber, frowning front, true to the significance of its name, carries many strange secrets locked in its bosom, says the New York Times. Men have ridden into its shadows in the flush of manhood, the eternal gates of silence closing noiselessly behind them. The region is inhabited by mountaineers, people who are a law unto themselves. Few men have ever ventured alone into the mountain and come back to tell the tale. The history of each new disappearance goes down in the legend of the region as another weird tale to be told. No explanation has ever been vouchsafed as to what became of those who disappeared, and the manner or reason of death of those whose bodies have been recovered is as uncertain as the other secrets of the great black pit.

The general public knew little of the mysterious incidents associated with this wild section of the country until the sudden disappearance of Edward Leiser, a young man from Roaring Fork, the spot from which several other men had disappeared before the day of the millionaire. For weeks hundreds of men scoured the mountains, hunting through every ravine and in every cave for some trace of the lost man. The impression gained credence that Leiser had been kidnapped—mysteriously for the purpose of holding him for ransom. This led to the offering of a reward of \$55,000 for his recovery alive. Stimulated by the offer of the reward, hundreds of bold men joined in the search.

## Millionaire's Body Found.

Five months after the search had been abandoned a mountaineer unexpectedly came upon the body of Wentz lying in a lonely spot among fallen trees. The flesh had rotted from the bones and some of the teeth had fallen from the mouth. The head of the man lay upon one of the fallen trees. The mystery was in a manner cleared by the finding of the body. The theory that the young millionaire had committed suicide was advanced. Eternity alone will clear entirely this mystery of the mountains. The disappearance of Wentz was flashed over the wires to all parts of the country. The mysteries shrouding Black Mountain, which lies on the border between Virginia and Kentucky, became a matter of great public interest. The daily papers carried columns of well-written theory attempting to explain in some plausible manner the means and the cause of the death of Wentz. But the secret lay hidden in the recesses of the rocky hills, and there were none so bold to go and look for it. The history of the Wentz case brought forth many other gruesome stories of that region.

## Many Others Disappeared.

It became known that in the course of the years half a dozen or more men had disappeared from approximately the same spot from which Wentz disappeared. Of these the body of Wentz was the only body recovered. What became of the others will probably never be known. All of the supposed victims of the mountains had ventured into the wild region where the mad waters of Roaring creek leap and pitch down the rugged mountain ravine over shaggy rocks to pour into the more quiet stream known as Powell's river. Of all the men who have disappeared from time to time for half a century under the shadow of the great mountain of mystery, the bleaching bones of Wentz alone were left to tell a portion of the sorry tale.

A mysterious disappearance next preceded that of Wentz was when James B. Gearhart, a Bristol insurance man, ventured into the mountain fastnesses. The disappearance of Gearhart is as much a mystery now as when searchers were peering fearfully into the ravines for his dead body. He left at his lodging quarters in Bristol a valuable library, a wardrobe full of valuable clothing, and other personal property. These effects have remained unclaimed to this day. Gearhart left Bristol for a three days' trip through the mining regions in the pursuit of his business. He left the hotel at Appalachia one morning for a trip into the surrounding country. He took the road which led by way of Roaring Fork and the mysterious spot near the ford in Powell's river. That was the last ever seen of Gearhart. Inquiry has been made in every part of the country but no trace has ever been found of the missing man.

## Mystery Dates Far Back.

Former Congressman James R. Richmond of Gates City relates that this spot in Black Mountain holds a parallel to the Wentz and Gearhart cases of many years ago. The occurrence in question took place just prior to the Civil war. Two men were searching for a herd of lost cattle in the wilds of the mountain region. When they came to the fatal spot near the mouth of Roaring Fork they dismounted and hitched their horses in order to reach on foot the inaccessible when mounted. They separated at the gorge, taking separate ridges in the ascent, having agreed to return and meet at the mouth of the gorge within a specified time. Only one of these men ever followed the backward trail. He waited in vain and called repeatedly to his companion. Finally, as the shades of night began to fall, he dismounted and rode away from the lonely spot alone. Search was made for the missing man immediately thereafter. From that day to this—and in the meantime many other men have walked out of the world of men through the same rocky gorge—no trace of him has ever been discovered.

## Whole Party Swallowed Up.

A party of revenue officers whose names have become lost in the course of years, who were in the act of raiding the mountain for Kentucky and Virginia moonshiners, are said to have disappeared in a similar manner to the other disappearances which have been here narrated. Whether they were slain by moonshiners or fell into the mysterious abysses which no living man has seen

and returned to tell the tale, is a question which eternity alone will solve. Of these officers, of those who rode into the mountain, not one came out again. It is believed in the region that the men were ambushed by the moonshiners whose illegal business they proposed to break up and by them killed. The federal government has instituted an investigation, but the mountain and the people in it remained silent. They will remain silent for all time. It is the nature of hill people to remain silent. They are born and bred in silent places and with few words.

Walter Kemp, a young civil and mining engineer, and Thomas Kilgore, superintendent of mines, are the latest examples of the mountain jail. These men, well known in the region and supposedly immune from the fate that awaited others who might venture into the region, tramped jauntily up the Roaring Fork and disappeared. As in other cases, searching parties were sent out for them, but the search was futile. The great mountain refused to give up its dark secret. The people who live in it went their way in silence.

Supt. Kelly, who was last week reported to have been lost in the mountain, has turned up alive. But Supt. Kelly did not venture into the Roaring Fork neighborhood. It was his intention to have followed the trail that led to the ford, and he changed his plans at the last moment and went in another direction. Knowing that his plans had been to take the route that had proved fatal to so many men, the alarm was sounded when he did not make his appearance at nightfall. The report went abroad that Black Mountain had claimed another victim.

## Fatal Spot Fascinating.

The fatal spot is fascinating to the mountaineer, albeit it is a place to be shunned. It is in the most inviting seasons of the year, when all nature is glad and the birds are making merry among the rhododendrons and the ivy, that this scene of surpassing beauty, with its roar of sparkling waters and its silent river ford, is most to be dreaded. It is always upon such occasions or when the mountain is red and golden in its autumnal foliage and chestnut hunters are venturing into the wilds, that the mysteries of Roaring Fork are repeated and the tossing waters sing their requiem to lost men and riderless horses neigh in the night in the forest awaiting the return of their masters—a wait that is always in vain.

## MILLIONAIRES TO ORDER.

Men Made Rich in the Coeur d'Alene Mining District.

The famous Coeur d'Alene mining district of northern Idaho might well be called the millionaires' factory of America. Rich men are in the making there; Charles Sweeney, a deputy marshal during the Coxy labor troubles of a dozen years ago, now president of the Federal Mining and Smelting company, the four mines of which, although three were closed the latter part of the year, earned a net profit last year of \$1,596,707; C. H. Reeves, once a barber of Wallace, now a millionaire of Spokane, the mine which his son-in-law located paying regular monthly dividends of \$96,000; August Paulson, a few years ago, driving a milk wagon for \$40 a month, now erecting a four-story steel-concrete office structure and able to write his check—and have it cashed—in six numerals; L. W. Hutton, once a railroad engineer, his wife the proprietress of a village eating house, together now accredited people of great wealth—the record might be extended to include several dozen names.

In spite of the slump in the price of the metal, and all the profits of the few big mining companies in the district amounted last year to \$5,119,830, adding in the majority of instances to the great wealth of men and women who a decade ago were in humble walks of life.

The records of this millionaires' factory of the northwest are crammed full of picturesque, even romantic pages. Fact is stronger than fiction throughout the entire story.—Technical World Magazine.

## Hardy Flowering Bulbs.

One of the most common mistakes of amateurs is to try too many things at once; a dozen or two bulbs of different kinds and all of unfamiliar aspect are attempted; the result is usually unsatisfactory, and a failure is more or less imminent. Better get a goodly number of one or more, not over two kinds for the first year, and each year add something else. The best and most satisfactory bulbs are not at all expensive, if one is willing to begin with the old and established varieties of merit. Let novelties alone until you know all that there is to be learned and all there is to be enjoyed from the old friends.

Of all flowering bulbs, the first place must be unquestionably given to the tulip. Prepare the bed as for all other bulbs save perhaps the narcissus, by spading deeply in an open, sunny place where shade never comes in the summer. A light, porous soil is best; it must not be stiff and clayey. Most essential of all is perfect drainage. The condition of drainage is not so essential during the period of growth, when the bulbs will submit to considerable moisture, as it is during the period of rest in summer time. It is for this reason that the beds should receive no artificial watering, unless exceedingly dry, when a little will do no special harm.

Plant the bulbs as early as possible in the autumn, about four inches deep, that is, four inches from the top of the bulb. If one does not mulch in the winter, plant even deeper than this. The bulbs should be planted about four inches apart each way. Raise the surface of the bed so that no water will stand upon it. The common practice is to mulch the beds with a covering of old manure or straw during the winter. The bulbs are very hardy, and freezing does not kill them. Alternate thawing and freezing does, however, weaken their vitality. The bulbs begin to make their appearance through the ground early in March, and it is no harm to remove any covering at this time in order to check their too rapid growth. The early varieties begin blossoming the first week in April; the later ones continue beyond the middle of May. If the beds are to be used during the summer, as they should be to prevent their unsightly appearance, plant such flowers as do not root deeply and do not require much watering.

## Will Move Things.

Two associate pastors of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the present pastor, to be one, and the second to be engaged at a salary of at least \$8000 a year, is included in a plan for revolutionizing church work, which has been submitted by Dr. Hillis for consideration. Dr. Hillis also demands that property opposite the church acquired years ago for a church park, be developed at once by the removal of houses, the laying out of the park and the reinterment there in a suitable mausoleum of the remains of Henry Ward Beecher. He also requests that work be commenced immediately on the proposed parish house and Beecher museum. The park and mausoleum are valued at \$50,000, and the parish house and museum \$60,000. If the church cannot raise the required \$110,000 Dr. Hillis proposes to raise it by lecturing throughout the country.

## FADS AND FASHIONS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—It is undoubtedly true that a majority of the street costumes turned out by the French makers this season have the Empire skirts, but there is after all, a large percentage of the simpler tailored costumes, the skirts of which end at the natural waist line, while they leave to the coat the responsibility for supplying the shortened or merely straightened waist. The most trying feature of the average French street suit is the exaggerated tightness and tightness of the skirt back. This effect is becoming only when associated with the straightness of back line that goes with erect and pronounced slenderness—something, unfortunately, that not every woman can boast of.

The skirt opened up the side to show an underskirt, a simulated underskirt, or, in extreme cases a more or less sharply leg, has become so common that the later models in dressy street suits do not insist upon that feature. But long lines of buttons, apparently or actually buttoning the skirt sides or front are as popular as ever, and in some cases such a buttoned-over arrangement, as it nears the skirt bottom, opens to show inset plaits or a braided panel. Whatever the skirt trimming may be it is adjusted to emphasize the long lines of the frock, and in the long skirted street gowns, as in the house and evening gowns, diagonal arrangements of skirt trimming often find employment.

At the close of the summer season an effort was made to eliminate blouse or shirtwaist suits, but the attempt was not successful and at present there is every indication that such suits with separate blouses will be worn as much as ever during the coming winter season. Many of the fashionable shops display a large variety of blouse models of attractive design. One of the new features in the ready-to-wear waists is the display of colored lace and net blouses to match the bodices. Coarse fishnet is the favored mesh for such models, which are made up over white, with garnishments of silk corresponding in color with the lace. These blouses are made with full-length sleeves that are tucked or shirred from shoulder to hand.

The model most in evidence in the new fall waists is a simple shirtwaist with tuckings of some sort, sleeves, front opening in the center or at one side and finished with big pearl buttons. There is, of course, considerable importance attached to the cut, for such a waist as this must fit trimly and be carefully tailored if it is to have style.

The simpler design of a separate waist the more scrupulous should be the attention to detail. The blouse-maker who has accomplished that fact and profits by her understanding has mastered one of the chief secrets of a successful business. It is not merely the originality of ideas, but the attention to the minute details of cut, trimming and ornamentation and the intuitive knowledge of what is becoming and artistic that has made men like Worth, Paquin, Beer and other creators of fashion famous.

Among the pretty street costumes displayed in one of the fashionable shops on lower Broadway the other day was a Doucet model in white cloth trimmed with soutache. The handling of the sleeves and bodice was especially good, the lines of fine soutache with their little loop and button ends being so disposed as to hide the armhole entirely and give the impression of a bodice and sleeve cut in one. This effect, with its consequent length of shoulder line, is considered particularly chic, and in this instance the long shoulder line is accentuated by a decorative band of all-white cord embroidery which runs from guimpe to cuff down the outside of the arm. Similar embroidery bands bordered the guimpe and trimmed the bodice front. Soutache trimming corresponding with that on the bodice ornamented the side of the skirt and a diagonal band of the cord embroidery and soutache ran in a long diagonal line across the clinging skirt. The jumper, like so many of the daintiest guimpes in the handsome French models, was absolutely simple and of fine tucked net, with a high collar and frill of the same.

Among the hats recently imported and now displayed in some of the large shops are many interesting and original creations, showing a remarkable fancy for new and peculiar combinations of color as well as material. In some of these winter hats spotted nets are used with charming effect. These hats, of course, are not intended to be used in connection with runabout street suits of mohair, cheviot or worsted, but with the fine broadcloth, satins and velvets that are made up into costumes for ceremonious occasions. In this event the transparent net of the original model in this style, because in addition to the yards of material that is massed in gathers and plaits over the crown and frilled about the edge an enormously large tuft of feathers is set against the left side.

Charming little dressing saques for cool weather are taking the place of those in fancy lawns and dotted Swisses worn in summer. They are developed of tulle, cashmere and printed challis in the half of each skirt, one being cut in one with the back and the corresponding portion with the fronts. The only shaping necessary is to slant the seams from beneath the arms to the hips, and all that is required in the way of finishing is a ribbon binding for every edge and ribbon ties for the throat.

Whatever is smart in dress nowadays bears the name of a person of epoch famous in French history, or a later one, the Napoleon collar, which has been brought out on the ultra-smart coat suits. It is made of the material or of satin, is very high, rolls over with a wide sweep and is tied or fastened with a huge satin scarf.

Klaski, buff, suede and all tones of yellow are in vogue in the late hats, their lousiness being generally toned down with other, more subdued colors in the trimming.

Kimonos are to be the popular long negligee of the autumn and winter, and are being made up in cotton crepe, imitation silk, printed foulard, crepe de chine and all the Japanese weaves.

The Cuban heel is still a favorite, but is somewhat different in shape from that of last year, the latest models being somewhat concave.

## Trees and Shrubs.

Whether trees and shrubs shall be planted in the fall or spring depends on the latitude in which they are to be grown and upon the particular kind. Most deciduous kinds will succeed fully as well in central and southern latitudes if planted in autumn, while most of them in the extreme north will winter kill if

planted at that time of year. In any event it is well to get the deciduous plants from the nursery in the fall of the year and if there are reasons why they should not be immediately planted they can be covered during the winter and will be ready when wanted for spring planting.

The spring season is often so short that everything has to be done with a rush and much of the work that should be done is omitted. In the fall the weather is generally more favorable and the soil is in better condition and the work is more easily and cheaply done. However in places where the ground freezes deep in winter the plants should not be set out in the fall but should be stored in a cellar or pit or covered outside by digging a trench in a thoroughly drained place some two feet deep and wide enough to accommodate the roots.

The plants may be set in the trench in an inclined position and very close together and the soil is gently firmed about the roots and heaped in a mound above them. This mound and the tops of the plants should be mulched or covered with hay, straw or other litter to prevent too much evaporation during the winter. Nurserymen can usually supply better stock in the fall and the plants cannot always be had just when wanted in the spring because of the general rush of work.

## TRACING A PANAMA COIN.

Through Eight Hands, but Finally Got Back to Original Owner.

The Panama 10 cent piece is about the size of the American dime, and although it is worth only half as much as the latter coin it may be passed as such in a hurry, says the Kansas City Journal. A man who recently went to the Isthmus of Panama, returned with one of these dimes in his pocket. He gave it to a friend whose wife was a collector of coins. The friend put it in his pocket, intending to give it to his wife, but gave it by mistake to his grocer in Brooklyn. He discovered the loss two days later and hurried to the grocer to trace it, if not get it. The grocer said: "Yes, I remember finding that coin in my cash register, and got rid of it ten minutes after you gave it to me. It is gone now, but I will speak to the woman to whom I gave it." Six days later the grocer handed the dime back to its owner, with the explanation that the woman gave it to her daughter, who gave it to the ticket agent at the Park place station of the Brighton Beach line, who gave it to a conductor on a Broadway surface car. All the victims had good memories, and the coin was returned along the line to its first American owner.

## Hinder Proverbs.

Father Tignous, a missionary from India, who is trying to recover his health in France, has sent the translation of several Hindu proverbs which will be found interesting. He has prepared these for The Field Affair:

The habits of the cradle will last to the grave.

The plant that could not bend when it was a twig will not bend when it is a branch.

A stone will wear away by the continual creeping of ants over it.

To acquire science in later years is like dyeing a dirty cloth.

There is no man who knows everything; there is none who knows nothing.

Anybody will say: I have no memory; nobody will say: I have no sense.

None is ruined by telling the truth; no one prospers by telling lies.

The flood which has passed the dam will not come back even if you cry.

Do not put your foot in the river without knowing its depth.

Even when a wound is healed a scar will remain.

If a neighbor's roof catches fire one's own is in danger.

When the cattle is on one shore, the opposite looks green, when it is on the opposite shore, the other side looks green.

A slip of the tongue is worse than a slip of the foot.

Do not believe all you hear, do not say all you believe.

## Huge Counting Task.

The task of counting every coin and bill in the sum of \$270,000,000, lying in the vaults of the sub-treasury in New York, will be undertaken as soon as possible as the sequel to the resignation of Hamilton Fish as assistant United States treasurer. A corps of book-keepers under the direction of Treasurer Treat is already at work checking over the books of the office. This task is a big one, but it does not compare in magnitude with that of counting the cash in the vaults, which will be begun as soon as the books have been examined. There is in the vaults approximately \$175,000,000 in gold coin, \$17,000,000 in currency and \$80,000,000 in silver coin, and all of this must be counted and verified piece by piece. The money is in sealed bags and packages, but the mark on each of these must be verified by the actual counting of the contents. The work will probably require at least a month. The counting is only done when an assistant treasurer leaves the office. Mr. Fish resigned as assistant treasurer in order to accept a nomination for Congress.

## Could Not Escape.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen V. Duffy, who were married by Bishop Cusack of the Church of St. Rose of Lima, in New York, had a surprise party in the New York theater Thursday night. Because of business interests Mr. Duffy could not spare time for a honeymoon trip. Some friends of the couple learned of their whereabouts and about twenty of them had seats in the balcony. Mr. and Mrs. Duffy occupied seats in the first row of the orchestra, and between the first and second acts were visited by their friends, who brought with them rice, flowers, confetti and slippers to express their good wishes. They bound the couple in white ribbons and led them in triumph to the balcony. Resistance was slight, the bridegroom remarking that the quietest way out of the celebration was best. The audience applauded the scene and the orchestra played a wedding march as the pair in their bonds of silk ribbons were led out of the body of the house.

## Giant Sunflowers of Kansas.

Al Fiss was out on the Central branch last week and says he never saw such sunflowers.





O see the boy—  
He suffers from a touch  
Of too much turkey,  
Pie and such.  
TOO MUCH always  
creates unpleasantness.  
Right quantity—right  
quality—right service at  
the right time—means  
satisfaction and content  
always. That's the secret  
of our success. Our line of

Raymond  
City Coal

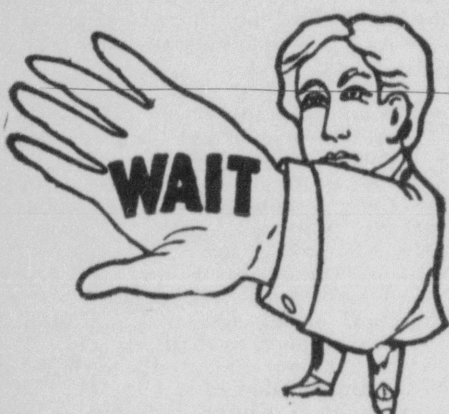
is right in every particu-  
lar. Now is the right  
time to try it.

Price \$3.75 per ton.

**EBNER**

Ice and Cold Storage Co.

BOTH PHONE NO. 4.



Until you've seen our Pianos  
before buying. You'll be so  
pleased with them in so many  
particulars that you'll decide  
then and there to buy.

Our prices on instruments  
will strongly appeal to your  
sense of fairness and economy.

Progressive Music Co.

107-109 N. Chestnut St.  
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

**Coal at \$2.70**

PER TON.

Island City Pure Lump Coal,  
best in the state and as good as  
comes to Seymour, excepting  
none, at \$2.70 per ton delivered.  
You can leave your order at  
Dr. Sherwood's office or Tele-  
phone Number 499, or with me.

MIKE QUINN.

"Will Go on Your Bond"

Will write any kind of  
INSURANCE

Clark B. Davis

LOANS NOTARY

Sciarr Bros., Tailors,

For the GENTLEMEN only. Suits  
made in 3 days, trousers in 48 hours.  
Fit and workmanship guaranteed.  
Also cleaning, pressing and remodel-  
ing of LADIES' and GENTS' gar-  
ments. 4 S. Chestnut St., Seymour.

**BATHS**

Take Turkish Salt-glow  
Baths for all kinds of  
Lung Trouble.

AHLERT'S TURKISH BATH ROOMS

ANNA E. CARTER

NOTARY PUBLIC

Office at the Daily REPUBLICAN  
office, 108½ West Second Street.  
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.



We challenge anyone to produce a  
case of Eczema or other skin dis-  
ease that!

**Dr. Taylor's  
ECZEMA  
REMEDY**

Will not cure.  
It is the only absolute panacea for  
all blood diseases and skin eruptions.  
Thousands of testimonials to show  
you.  
Send for photos of recent cures.  
Sold under absolute guarantee to  
cure or money refunded.  
Not a single instance of failure.  
If you would be cured get it today.

W. F. PETER DRUG CO.,  
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

**THE REPUBLICAN**

JAY C. SMITH / Editors and Publishers  
EDW. A. REMY /

Entered at the Seymour, Indiana Postoffice  
as Second-class Matter.

**DAILY**

One Year.....\$5.00  
Six Months.....2.50  
Three Months.....1.25  
One Month......40  
One Week......20

**WEEKLY**

One Year in Advance.....\$1.00

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, '08.

THE recount of the vote in Marion  
county does not change conditions  
materially. Some mistakes were  
found but some were in favor of the  
democrats and others in favor of the  
republicans. It was clearly demon-  
strated that no fraud was practiced.

IT now seems that Secretary Root  
will have a clear field and will be  
elected United States senator from  
New York without opposition. He is  
one of the ablest men in public life  
and will be a useful man in the senate.

SINCE congress is soon to convene  
at Washington the Nation's capital  
is the center of public interest again.  
This short session of congress will  
be one of unusual interest. The last  
message of President Roosevelt will  
be sent to congress next week and  
this is sure to be a message of more  
than ordinary importance.

MANY citizens over the state have  
been writing the Indianapolis papers  
since the election giving their opinions  
about what the legislature should do  
in the way of temperance legislation.  
Some of these correspondents say the  
local option law passed at the special  
session of the legislature should be  
repealed but the majority of the letter  
writers say better let the law stand.  
It is evident that an attempt to repeal  
the law would be met with a storm of  
opposition. While a majority of the  
people apparently voted wet at the  
recent election yet there are men in  
all parties who contend that there  
should be no temperance legislation  
at the coming session of the legisla-  
ture. They contend that the law al-  
ready enacted should be given a fair  
trial and the judgment of these men  
is worth considering. If possible the  
temperance question should be taken  
out of politics.

**Thousands Have Kidney  
Trouble and Never Suspect it.**  
Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarm-  
ing increase and remarkable prevalence  
of kidney disease. While kidney dis-  
orders are the most common  
diseases that pre-  
vail, they are  
almost the last  
recognized by  
patient and phy-  
sicians, who con-  
tent themselves  
with doctoring the effects, while the orig-  
inal disease undermines the system.

What To Do.  
There is comfort in the knowledge so  
often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's  
Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy,  
fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism,  
pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder  
and every part of the urinary passage.  
It corrects inability to hold water  
and scalding pain in passing it, or bad  
effects following use of liquor, wine or  
beer, and overcomes that unpleasant  
necessity of being compelled to go often  
during the day, and to get up many  
times during the night. The mild and  
the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root  
is soon realized. It stands the highest  
for its wonderful cures of the most dis-  
tressing cases. If you need a medicine  
you should have the best. Sold by drug-  
gists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.  
You may have a sample bottle and a  
book that tells all  
about it, both sent free  
by mail. Address Dr.  
Kilmer & Co., Bing-  
hamton, N. Y. When  
writing mention this paper and don't  
make any mistake, but remember the  
name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and  
the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

**Sunday Drunks.**

From the number of complaints that  
have come to us recently and from  
what we have seen ourselves the num-  
ber of drunks in Seymour must be on  
the increase. Persons who have be-  
come disgusted with what they see  
appealed to us to say something about  
the conditions. If we mentioned the  
fact every time we saw a drunk man  
on the streets the columns of the  
paper would soon become as distaste-  
ful as the sights that are seen on the  
streets. Besides when there are no  
arrests we suppose that the man, or  
the boy as it frequently is, was not  
drunk or that the law is not in effect.  
If the laws relating to the sale of in-  
toxicating liquor to minors were en-  
forced we would have fewer drunkards.  
If a boy is kept away from the saloon  
and its influences until after he is  
twenty-one the chances are against his  
ever becoming a drunkard. If the  
parents would take their children in  
Sunday School and would attend with  
them there would be fewer of them  
drunkards by the time they are seven-  
teen or eighteen years of age. Satur-  
day and Sunday seems to be the best  
time for excesses and more than  
half the arrests made for drunkenness  
are between six o'clock Saturday  
evening and twelve o'clock Sunday  
night.

**An Honest Man Saved By a  
Philanthropist.**

Mr. T. A. Morgan of Hammond, Ind.  
had suffered for ten years with his  
stomach and kidneys, and while the  
great Root Juice scientist was proving  
the merits of Root Juice remedy to  
the people of northern Indiana Mr.  
Morgan purchased six bottles of the  
Juice and while it was being wrapped  
up he said: "If Root Juice cures  
me I will make the scientist a present  
of one hundred dollars. A short  
while ago Mr. Morgan called on the  
scientist and said that he could eat  
anything without the slightest incon-  
venience and that the kidney trouble  
was entirely cured. He wanted the  
scientist to take the one hundred dol-  
lars, but it was refused. However it  
was agreed to give the money to an  
orphan asylum. So Root Juice is  
not only curing the sick, but in this  
instance will be the indirect means of  
caring for some dead mother's child.  
Root Juice has proved its wonderful  
merits to many people of this point.

From the very start it seems to  
sooth and heal the lining of the stom-  
ach and bowels and strengthens the  
liver and kidneys, thereby giving  
nature a chance to, in her own way,  
throw off the impurities of the blood.  
It is a wonderful medicine. Sold for  
one dollar a bottle or three for two  
and a half at W. F. Peters drug store.

**Lost Sixteen Years.**

A letter sent from Greentown, Ind.,  
in June, 1892, and addressed to W. B.  
Saxon, Dublin, Ind., did not reach its  
destination until last Monday. While a  
mail car was being cleaned in the  
Pennsylvania station, the letter ad-  
dressed to Saxon found between the  
partitions of one end of the car. It  
had been in that position for sixteen  
years. The letter was placed in a  
pouch that was thrown off at Dublin  
at noon Monday, but whether W. B.  
Saxon is still a resident of that town  
is not known.—Jeffersonville Reflec-  
tor.

**Pensioners' Passing.**

During the fiscal year ending June  
30 last, 34,333 civil war veterans who  
were on the pension roll, died. The  
total number of pensioners at the end  
of the year was 951,687. During the  
year 54,366 pensioners of all classes  
were dropped and 38,682 added.

The actual expenditure for the year  
on account of pensions was \$153,083,  
086 but on account of legislative in-  
creases in rate to individual pension-  
ers the annual value of the roll at the  
close of the year was \$159,495,701 an  
increase of \$18,644,821 over the pre-  
vious year.

**Dedicate Hall.**

Judge John M. Lewis went to Kurtz  
Saturday evening where he made the  
address at the opening of the new  
Knights of Pythias Hall. The exer-  
cises were open to the Knights and  
their wives and members of their  
family. The program including the  
address by Judge Lewis were thoroug-  
ly enjoyed by the crowd that packed  
the hall. An elaborate supper was  
served by the ladies. The Knights at  
Kurtz have built a splendid hall which  
exemplifies the progressive spirit of  
the lodge.

**Light Traffic.**

On account of the rain there was an  
unusually small amount of passenger  
traffic on the interurban lines Sunday.  
Some of the cars went out Sunday  
afternoon with not to exceed a half  
dozen passengers and there were but  
few cars all day in which all of the  
passengers could not be comfortably  
seated. A large amount of the Sun-  
day traffic during the summer has  
been people going out to the country  
stops to picnic and the rain of yester-  
day spoiled this part of the traffic.

Among the long distance passengers  
sent out over the B. & O. S-W. at  
noon today were two to Arvad, Okla.

# Overstocked

## Cloaks, Suits, Furs and Millinery

The backward season and mild weather  
have been felt in these Departments.  
Our only remedy is to apply the knife and  
cut prices regardless of cost and value.  
The usual after season prices will prevail  
after tomorrow. Don't miss this opportunity.  
Watch tomorrow's price announcement.

# The Gold Mine Department Store

**Prominent Man Dead.**

Joshua M. Spencer, of Rising Sun,  
who was the republican candidate for  
congress in the Fourth district a few  
years ago, died suddenly at Cincin-  
nati last Thursday morning. He left  
Rising Sun Wednesday afternoon for  
Cincinnati, where he was to spend  
Thanksgiving with his friend, Thos.  
H. Kelley, a prominent attorney. As  
was his custom he stopped at the  
Emery, intending to go to the home of  
his friend in the morning. He retired  
at 9 o'clock, and at 3 in the morning  
called the clerk, asking that a doctor  
be sent to his room. The house physi-  
cian went at once and another physi-  
cian was called, but their efforts to  
save his life were futile. His remains  
were taken to his home at Rising Sun  
for burial.

Mr. Spencer had numerous friends  
in Seymour and over the Fourth  
district.

**Advice To Lodges.**

The Franklin Star makes suggestion  
to the lodges in Franklin as follows:  
"The time of year is close at hand  
when a new crop of officers to manage  
the several lodges of the city are to  
be chosen. The successful future,  
interest and life of the societies will  
depend upon the kind of men selected.  
Old and faithful attendants should be  
honored and should not be ignored,  
members who have been indifferent in  
keeping up interest or attendance  
should not be selected on the ground  
that they might do different if elected  
to an office. They never do better  
and the whole order suffers. Don't  
look for dead ones. Take the old  
standby who makes it a matter of  
business to go to his lodge on meeting  
night come what may."

**Looks For a Rush.**

W. H. Brimson, general superin-  
tendent of the B. & O. Southwestern  
railway, says: "We are expecting to  
return to one of our old time rushes  
after the first of the year, and expect  
a general revival of business all over  
the country."

Want Ads. in the REPUBLICAN Pay.

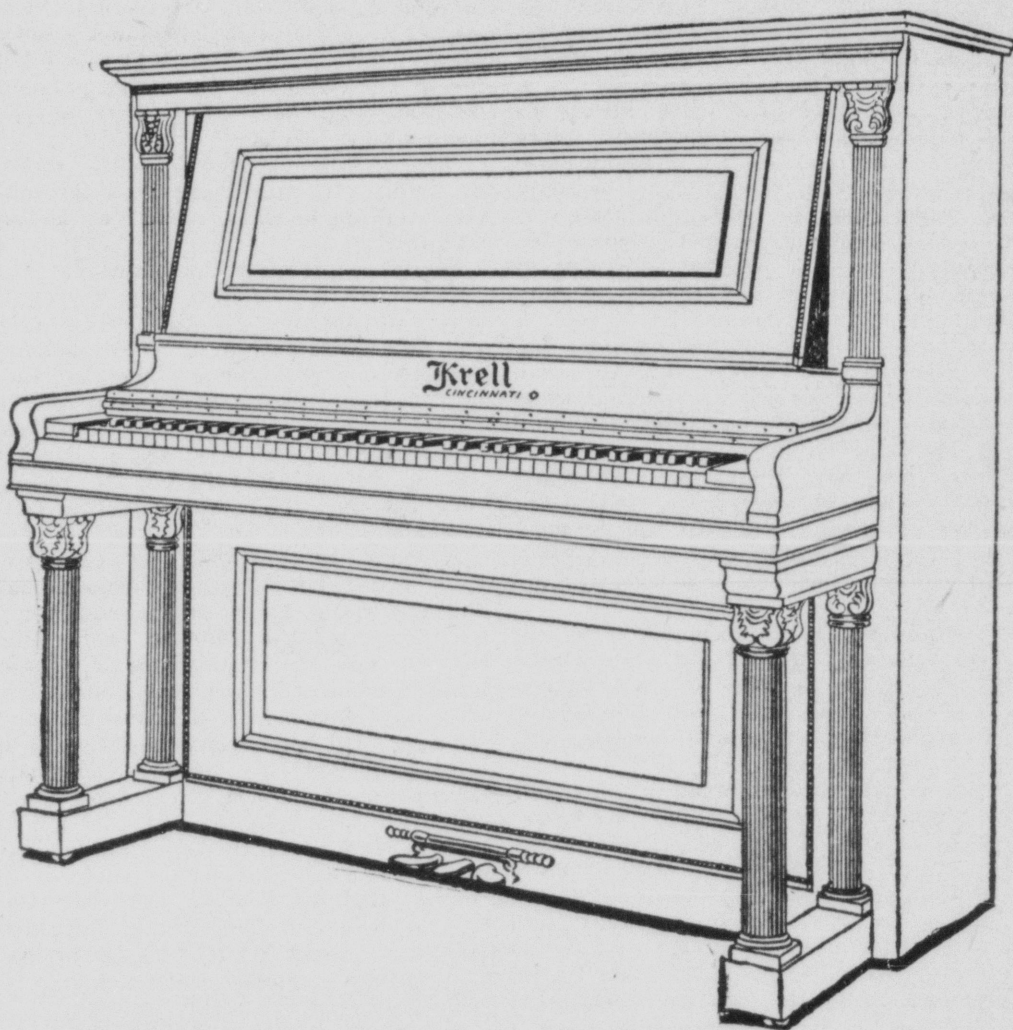
**Violin Recital.**

Ludwig Becker, the famous concert  
master and violinist of the Theodore  
Thomas Orchestra, will give a recital  
at the opera house tomorrow evening  
under the auspices of the Progressive  
Music club. The advance sale of  
tickets indicate that the people of  
Seymour appreciate the coming of this  
great master of the violin and will  
crowd the house. This is a recital  
you cannot afford to miss. It is  
seldom that so famous a musician

can be secured outside the great cities.  
If you have not secured tickets do so  
at once.

A little hustle on the part of a few  
citizens of Seymour landed an auto-  
mobile factory, the Lindley Motor Car  
Company of Dowagiac, Mich. Work  
is now being pushed on the buildings.  
—Salem Leader.

Rev. Eggers delivered the sermon at  
the German Lutheran church Sunday  
evening in the absence of Rev. Philip  
Schmidt.



See this Instrument at Harmony Hall  
What would make a nicer X-mas present

**Harmony Hall**

CORNER ST. LOUIS AVE. AND CHESTNUT ST.

## Handling the Flour Question-Right

You do not want  
common flour  
You do want

# GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Well—Order it—that's all.  
WASHBURN-CROSBY Co.





## Royal Silk Plush Underwear

Warmth Without Weight  
Four Colors

**\$3.00 the Suit.**

## Munsing's Union Suits

FIVE GRADES

**\$1.00 to \$3.00 the Suit.**

**Eighteen Other Styles Underwear**

**50c to \$2.00 the Garment**

## The Hub

## For Sale

\$2000.00 this beautiful home, 8 rooms, 4 closets, hall, gas in every room, summer kitchen, cellar, well cistern, lot 50x120, fruit and sheds, and henery.

\$1500.00 this residence, lot 57x157 good location, 4 rooms and summer kitchen, sheds, McCann well, good corner lot.

\$2750.00 for this elegant residence, lot 50x150, bath room, concrete walks, furnace, cellar, sewer, barn, 6 rooms.

\$1200.00 for this fine new home, fine shade, concrete walks, well, 5 rooms, front and rear porch.

Also cheaper and higher priced city property.

**GEO. SCHAEFER,**  
Real Estate and  
General Insurance  
First National Bank Bldg. Seymour.



**A Woman of Beauty and Elegance** is the one who doesn't allow defective teeth to mar her beauty or her appearance of refinement. A woman who would be attractive and possess a charm of elegance has her teeth regularly attended by a first class dentist, who can remedy all defects by crown or bridge work, and everything pertaining to scientific surgical dentistry at

**Dr. B. S. Shinness.**

## DRUGS AND MEDICINES

Prescriptions  
A Specialty

**GEORGE F. MEYER'S  
DRUG STORE**

**Robert H. Hall  
ARCHITECT**

725 N. Ewing St., Seymour, Ind.

**T. M. JACKSON,  
Jeweler & Optician**

104 W. SECOND ST.

## PERSONAL.

Charles Huffman was at North Vernon Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Graham visited at Austin Sunday.

N. M. King, of North Vernon, was here Sunday night.

Charles Overman, of Crothersville, was here Sunday night.

Miss Bertha Williams, of Scottsburg, was here Sunday.

Mrs. Louis Becker was an eastbound passenger this morning.

Frank Hackendorf, of Brownstown, was here Sunday evening.

Harlan Montgomery returned to Hanover Sunday evening.

A. E. Black, of Columbus, was in the city Saturday evening.

Frank W. Tech, of Bedford, was in Seymour Sunday afternoon.

Misses Elsie and Luzetta Rust were westbound passengers this morning.

Charles Phelan has returned to Bloomington to resume college work.

Kelsa Bottorff made a business trip out over the Pennsylvania this morning.

Rev. Philip Schmidt was a passenger to Columbus over the interurban line Sunday.

David A. Sherrick came down from Indianapolis this morning and went to Bedford.

Lynn Bollinger has returned to DePauw after spending a few days with home folks.

Miss Myra Huckleberry and Harrold Ritter have returned to their college work at Franklin.

J. W. Cunningham of Brownstown was in this city a short time this morning between trains.

Will G. Masters and Frank Montgomery have returned to their college duties at Crawfordsville.

Charles F. Eddinger superintendent of the county poor farm came up from Brownstown this morning.

John H. Conner returned to Indianapolis this afternoon after spending a few days with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark and family went to Little York Saturday afternoon to spend Sunday.

Johnson Bane, the guitarist, went to North Vernon this morning to look after some business there.

Mark Williams made a business trip to Brownstown this morning in the interest of the Prudential.

Mrs. Carl Hodapp returned to Medora this morning after spending Sunday with relatives in this city.

J. F. Tumley made a business trip east this morning in the interest of the Ahlbrand Carriage Company.

Will Abel returned to his duties at Washington, D. C. today after a visit of several days here with relatives.

Judge Joseph H. Shea returned this morning from a trip to Indianapolis and went to Brownstown to hold court.

Cassius McMullen, of Aurora attorney for the B. & O. S-W. railway was a passenger to Brownstown this morning.

Dr. Reed and family, of Salem, were here Saturday to attend the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Huffman.

Elder J. M. Cross, of Nineveh, came here on No. 4 this morning en route home from preaching over Sunday west of here.

Miss Florence Keach, of Crothersville, was in the city a short time this morning from spending Sunday with relatives at Brownstown.

Rev. and Mrs. Biggert, of New Albany came up Saturday afternoon to be present at the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Huffman.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith and children of Medora, got off the nine o'clock train from the north this morning enroute home from a trip north of here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wible and child returned to their home at Jeffersonville this morning after a visit here with relatives. Mr. Wible is an employee of the Pennsylvania railway.

Mrs. Jos. Ackerman and daughter Miss Lettie left this morning on No. 1 for Canneton to visit Rev. L. H. Ackerman and family. Later Mrs. Ackerman will go to Carmi, Ills to visit Harry G. Ackerman.

Seba A. Barnes, Prosecutor Oren O. Swails, Edward P. Elsner, Thomas M. Honan and Abraham C. Branan were among the Seymour attorneys who went to Brownstown this morning to look after business in the circuit court.

Michael Seibert came down from Cincinnati Saturday to spend Sunday with his mother and his brother Andrew Siebert. He was accompanied home by his sister, Miss Louise Seibert, who will spend the week in Cincinnati.

Dr. Roy Harris, of Seymour, Ind., Dr. Warren B. Harris and his friend, A. L. Colloway, a prominent dry merchant of Cambridge City, Ind., spent Thanksgiving day with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin L. Harris, at their pleasant home below town.—Rising Sun Local.

## Seymour Dry Goods Co.



best of all the famous YANKEE PRINTZESS and Wooltex makes.

Tailored Skirts and Shirt Waists. Come and see, buy what pleases you.

Here we have the fashion elect for fall and winter. Coats and Suits of the most approved design, garments of every new and worthy material, plain tailored models of natty build, fancy trimmed styles rather dress-makerish. Coats the severe long, loose model of semi-fitting slim hip style, and the



## CLAYPOOL & FRY

SUCCESSORS TO L. F. MILLER & CO.

Merrit Machlan of Freetown was in Seymour this afternoon.

Frank M. Thompson of Versailles was in the city this afternoon.

George Vehslage made a business trip to Brownstown this morning.

John Rinne went to Salem Sunday and today returned to Indianapolis.

Mrs. Squire Wilson returned home this morning from a visit with relatives at Madison.

Bert Kasting was among those from Seymour who spent Sunday evening in Columbus.

George Hays, of Pleasant Grove, has gone to the hospital at Sellersburg for treatment again.

Prof. Harry Lange attended the special song service at the German Lutheran church at Columbus Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hopwood, of Columbus, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon at the Seymour Hospital Sunday.

Miss Edna Droege spent Sunday evening at Columbus and attended the song service at the German Lutheran church.

Chris Ahlbrand spent Sunday evening in Columbus and attended the special musical program at the German Lutheran church. Mr. Ahlbrand and number of others went on the Interurban line late in the afternoon.

Conductor James Ross of the Monon and his wife were here this afternoon Mr. Ross is a brother of John A. Ross of this city.

Miss Myrtle Foist was among those who went to Columbus Sunday evening to attend the special song service at the German Lutheran church.

Attorney Samuel B. Wells, of Scottsburg, was in this city a short time this morning and went to Brownstown to look after some legal business.

State of Ohio City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

We do "Printing That Pleases."

## NOTICE

I have a beautiful 9 room, 2 story house for sale or trade for small rentals. A fine home, well located.

E. C. Bollinger, Agt. 'Phones 15, 186

## CONGDON & DURHAM,

Fire, Tornado, Liability,  
Accident and Sick Benefit

## INSURANCE

Real Estate, Rental Agency

Prompt Attention to All Business

## Shoe Repairer

P. COLABUONO,

Ladies' and Gents' Shoemaker. Boot and shoe repairing while you wait. Fine work given special attention. 129 S. Chestnut St., Sprenger Bldg.

## Ladies and Gentlemen

Take your old clothes to THE SEYMOUR TAILORS And have them put in first class wearing condition.

NORTH CHESTNUT STREET Next door north of New Pearl Laundry

## SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK

Piano Teacher,

Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St. SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

## LEWIS & SWAILS

LAWYERS

SEYMOUR, INDIANA

## INSURE YOUR PROPERTY

IN THE

## Queen Insurance Co.

Assets \$6,844,559.94

GEO. SCHAEFER, Agent. 1st Nat. Bank Building.

## EXPERT PIANO TUNING

GUARANTEED

Arthur F. French

SEYMOUR, IND.

Drop a Postal and I Will Call.

## ELMER E. DUNLAP,

ARCHITECT

824-828 State Life Bldg. INDIAN-

APOLIS. Branch Office, Columbus

**YOU'LL be prepared for any weather,**  
any sort of activity, business,  
pleasure, social affairs and any sort  
of company, if we get you into one of  
our FINE SUITS or OVERCOATS.



Every Suit or Overcoat we offer you is value for the price. You may pay here for an OVERCOAT \$10 to \$25, For a SUIT \$10 to \$30,

and you will get real value for your money in a way that no other clothes can give.

Before buying a Suit or an Overcoat come and see our handsome line.

## Thomas Clothing Co.



# SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN

SMITH & REMY, Publishers.

SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

IN DAYS OF FLINT AND STEEL.

Extraordinary Efforts Required to Get a Fire Burning.

Sixty years ago the use of flint and steel to produce a fire was not wholly unknown. The late William E. Stone of Peoria lived at Beaver, Pa. His father one warm August night was stricken with apoplexy. The fire was out in the kitchen hearth and his mother, in her distress, unable to find the tinder box, was obliged to send his brother, Mars, two miles and a half to a neighbor. She gave him a handful of tow, which he put in his pocket, says the Peoria Star. Arousing a neighbor with some difficulty, she gave him a live coal, which he wrapped in the tow, and, putting it back in his pocket, ran home. When he arrived there he swung the tow around his head, thus fanned the coal and produced a flame which lighted the candle. In the meantime relief had been so long coming that the father was past all surgery.

## Cannot Find Hansen.

The Norwegian consul general in New York, Christopher Ravn, has asked assistance in an effort to find Capt. Hans Hansen, one of the men who took part in the recent automobile race around the world. Hansen started from New York in the French car, but left it in Chicago and later joined the American car and guided it across Siberia. On his arrival in Paris much feeling was expressed against him and he was even threatened, it is said, because of his leaving the French car and assisting the American car to victory. Members of the party now in New York state that they last saw Hansen in Paris when they broke up after the race. At that time he had a large sum of money in his possession and intended to go to Tomsk, Siberia, where his wife and child reside. Now it develops that he has not reached that city, and his relatives are unable to find trace of him. Hansen has been a sailor and soldier of fortune, having made many trips in various out-of-the-way corners of the world.

## Sheep Raising in Australia.

"Sheep raising conditions are about the same in Australia as they are here," said F. L. Burt of South Dakota, who is engaged in the sheep raising business both in this country and in Australia. "The sheep over there are raised mainly for their wool, although the meat is also quite a valuable product for both the local and export trade. The price of both wool and meat in Australia is regulated by London values. The meat, which is shipped in cold storage vessels, is kept fresh very easily. Farm laborers in Australia receive in the neighborhood of \$20 a month, which is practically the same as they get here. In the towns the mechanics are paid about \$3.50 to \$4 a day. Living may possibly be a little cheaper over there, but the difference is not very great. As far as agricultural conditions generally are concerned, we have many advantages here. The climate in Australia is much drier. The winters there are not so cold, however, and while the summers are hot the heat is not oppressive."—Baltimore American.

## Partridges in Maine.

A feature of this year's hunting season in the Maine woods has been the abundance of partridges. Commenting on the matter, the Kennebec Journal says: "A well-known eastern Maine guide claims that the partridge law passed by the Legislature four years ago and repealed last season has had the indirect effect of giving the partridges a chance to multiply. This law authorized the payment of a bounty on hedgehogs, and while it was in force resulted in killing off the porcupine almost to the point of extinction. This man says that the hedgehogs eat the eggs of the partridges, and now that there are so few of them many more eggs have a chance to hatch."

## The Eary Military Band.

A little more than seventy years ago there was no such thing as a brass band in existence. The very first band entirely of brass dates, in fact, no further back than 1835. Prior to that time even our military music was produced almost entirely from instruments of wood, and as recently as 1783 a full regimental band consisted of two bassoons, two clarinets, two horns and two basses.

As showing the important part played by the "sounding brass" in our bands today it is sufficient to mention that in an up-to-date first class band, of, say, forty-two pieces there would probably be found from eighteen to twenty horns, to say nothing of saxophones, which are partly clarinet and partly horn.—Tit-Bits.

## Hard Work.

On a journey through the south not long ago, Wu Ting-fang was surprised by the preponderance of negro labor in one of the cities he visited. Wherever the entertainment committee led him, whether to factory, store or suburban plantation, all the hard work seemed to be borne by the black men.

Minister Wu made no comment at the time, but in the evening when he was a spectator at a ball given in his honor, after watching the waiting and two-stepping for half an hour, he remarked to his host:

"Why don't you make the negroes do for you, too?"—Everybody's Magazine.

## Siege of Crete.

Crete, which has just declared its union with Greece, can claim to have been the scene of one of the longest sieges on record—longer than the siege of Troy—for in the Seventeenth century it took the Turks more than twenty years to capture its capital city. The island, in fact, is famous for protracted military operations, for though the revolution of 1821 was speedily successful in the open country, the fortified towns were still uncaptured when the powers intervened, in 1830.—London Chronicle.

## Innovation in Parish Life.

The first of a series of social evenings will be held at the parish house of St. John's Episcopal church on South Pierce street on November 19. Refreshments will be served and there will be dancing. This series marks an innovation in parish life, and is designed to emphasize more than ever the social side.

The annual bazaar of the parish will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, December 2 and 3, in the afternoon and evening of each day.

## Begging Off.

Dumley—Say, you'd better take something for that cold, old man. Now—Wise—Don't offer me any more, please. I've taken too much already. Dumley—Too much what? Wise—Advice.—Philadelphia Press.

## CUPID'S AIM.

Tom loves winsome Daisy,  
And Daisy favors Will;  
Will makes eyes at Mabel,  
While Mabel smiles for Phil;  
Philip smiles at Dolly,  
And Dolly longs for Ted;  
Ted loves only Polly,  
And Polly lives for Ned.

Thus the lovers stupid  
Sorrowing are fixed,  
When young Mr. Cupid  
Gets his arrows mixed.  
—Claire M. Carberry in Smart Set.

## HUMBLE BEGINNINGS.

Not long ago a grizzled millionaire miner from the far west dropped into town. He occupied a superb suite in one of Washington's most luxurious hotels during his stay here. Among his callers was a young man from his own state. This young man married, not long ago, a young woman "out home."

They got along all right, tidily on his \$1000 a year, earned as a government clerk. The old miner had not only known the young man from his boyhood, but he had ridden the young man's wife on his knee all the way to Banbury Cross, when she was a little girl in pigtails.

"Son," said the grizzled miner to the young man from his home state, when the latter was making his call at the fine hotel suite, "you and Aggie are keeping house here, aren't you?"

"Well, we're living in a little flat, if that's keeping house," the young man replied.

"Well," said the wealthy old miner, "I sure do take it powerful hard that you and Aggie don't invite me up to your place and give me something to eat—I sure do."

The young man started to make some reply, but the old man wasn't through.

"I'm getting mighty tired of hotel and restaurant grub," he went on. "I can't get any taste or good out of it—it all tastes alike. If you and Aggie only knew how I've been sort o' hankering for a good, big fillin' layout of shoulder and greens; I'll bet a box of matches that you'd have taken pity on me and asked me to your place to have some. Ever have shoulder and greens? Nothin' on earth like shoulder and greens, a-t-all, is there?"

The young man looked a bit embarrassed.

"Well," he said, "Aggie and I have talked time and again about asking you to take dinner with us since you came on here this time. But you know what these dinky little three-rooms-and-a-bath flats are—or do you? And Aggie and I had sort of an idea that maybe—well, to be frank, that after all the splendorousness that you're used to, why, it might make you feel sort of uncomfortable—oh, ours is just a plain little dump, you know, and we thought maybe it would—er—"

"Look a-here, boy," interrupted the old miner, "will you and Aggie give me some shoulder and greens tomorrow evening, say at 6 o'clock?"

"You know very well that we'll be delighted to have you," replied the young man.

"All right," said the old man. "Write me down the address. I'll be there."

"And, Joe," he added as the young man prepared to take his leave, "you'd better warn Aggie about the low-down, ornery, simmering habits of greens. It takes a lot of greens to make a proper mess of 'em. A pretty whopping basket o' greens—well, I've seen a bushel o' greens, almost boil down to 'most nothing," and then the two laughed and the young man went away.

On the following evening the bluff, ruddy, fine-looking old mining man arrived at the little flat on the minute. It was a neat and tastefully furnished flat, but small, of course.

"Sure you've got plenty of greens?" the old gentleman inquired, with mock anxiety, when he was greeted by the pretty young matron whom he had known as a child. "I've been worrying a good deal over that today."

"Oh, stacks and stacks of greens," she replied, adding, "but if there shouldn't be enough I could eke out by boiling down the rubber plant, you know," and so the little dinner began merrily enough.

The shoulder was a sweet piece of mast-fed meat from Virginia and after the old miner had tucked his rapin under his chin in the old-fashioned way and gone at it, he came pretty close to looking like a thoroughly satisfied elderly man.

"Dye children know," he said, as he passed his plate over for the third helping. "That I've been in training for this ever since yesterday! Fact, I've hardly eaten a mouthful since you invited me—or, better, since I invited myself. And it's worth the fasting."

After the dinner the old boy fixed himself in a big rattan chair in the tiny cozy corner near a window and got a well seasoned briar pipe belonging to his young host agog.

"A cigar after shoulder and greens!" he exclaimed, reprovingly, when the young man offered him a cigar. "Mighty tidy place you've got here," he said, after a pause, waving his pipe around. "Slick as a crack egg, I'd call it. Plumb luxurious, in fact," and a sort of misty light of recollection appeared in the gray old eyes of the man. "I suppose Mary and I wouldn't have looked upon this as a sort of heaven away back yonder in the tangle of years when we were struggling along the best way we know how."

The young matron had been picking out soft little chords on the piano, but she crossed over and sat down by her husband.

"Didn't have any such things as cozy corners when Mary and I made our start at housekeeping," the old boy went on, crossing his legs and leaning back and puffing away at his pipe. "Not many scrumptious fixins' of any kind, for the matter of that."

"Fact is it was a shack. And, on top of that, a one-room shack. Built it myself after working hours. Cut the scrub spruce and fir to build it, too."

"I was a timberman then in a new silver mine sixty miles from a railroad. Got \$25 a week, which wasn't much, counting how costly it was to live."

"Well, after I got the shack built I went down to Boise and asked Mary—she was teaching school there. Mary was agreeable about it—we'd been beaux since we'd met a year before, although after I went to work in the new mine I didn't have much chance to see her."

"But Mary was ready, and we got married in Boise City, and I took her to the shack I'd built. Marvelous days, those—both of us young, you see, and not bothering much about anything nor minding any sort of inconvenience, so long as we were close enough to each other so's I could holler across the gulch

on my way to work and on my way home. And it was a home, plumb and proper—never had any such home since.

"I made the stove myself, too, out of an old rusty two-horsepower boiler that I cribbed from the engine house. Made most of the furniture, too, including the bed, spare times. Wagon freighting was costly, and beds and gear like that ready made, cost a heap of money out there those days—anyhow, they were beyond me."

"Had a rag carpet on the floor of the shack that Mary'd been making herself, after school hours, for a year. Dishes were mostly wooden—I was pretty handy with a jackknife those days. Had calico curtains in the one window—Mary had an artistic eye, and the way she draped those curtains sure was something dainty."

"I got the water from the creek, about 400 yards back of the shack. Used to fill up the three big barrels once a week, and let the water settle."

"Didn't have any fresh meat, unless I shot it o' Sundays—freighters used to fetch in the salt meat once a week, over the trail. Canned vegetables, too, and scandalously high they were."

"I'd started a truck patch, but the soil wasn't adapted to truck raising. All right for flowers, though. Mary got hold of some flower seeds—subscribed to a dollar-a-year weekly, I believe, and got the seeds as a subscription prize—and she had the prettiest little garden of flowers in front of the shack you ever saw; sweet william and pansies and bachelors' buttons and china asters and marigolds and old things like those."

"She used to sit in that teeny flower garden of summer evenings and play on the little old ten-stringed zither, fixed out with numbers for each string, that I got for her down at Boise. Mighty fetching and sweet the music from the zither sounded, too, out there in the open air, with the wind stirring through the branches overhead, and Mary with her pretty head, and a flower in her dark hair, tilted back against a tree, humming the tunes she played."

"Our first born arrived in that shack. The medical man who officiated on that occasion was a fellow who'd been arrested and locked up for horse stealing. They allowed him to come to our shack in company with a deputy marshal, and then they took him back to the lockup again."

"Well, Mary and I—and, later, the first one—kept house in that little, old hand-made shack, squatting at the base of the mountain, for three years. Speaking for myself—and if Mary was on earth she'd join me in saying it—those were far and away the happiest years of our lives, they sure were."

After some music the old man took his leave, with cheery praises for the young wife's dinner of shoulder and greens. The two young people sat pensive and silent for quite a while after the old gentleman had gone.

"I guess our little flat isn't so dinky, after all, eh, little woman?" said the young husband then, pinching his wife's cheek.—Washington Star.

## The Cannibal.

James H. Birch has organized in New York a new club, the Circumnavigators. No one who has not made a complete circuit of the world is eligible for membership.

Mr. Birch, a great traveler, was talking about travel in Burlington. The cannibalism that once prevailed among the South sea islanders suggested a cannibal story to him, and he said:

"A man once went to the circus. Near the main entrance to the circus there was a side show, and a vast and brilliant oil painting portrayed in all its horrors a cannibal feast—corpses cooking, over fires, and natives squatting in a circle holding to their mouths, grilling forearms, hands and such like delicacies. A genuine cannibal, the poster said, was to be seen within."

"Paying a dime, the man entered. The cannibal very lightly clad, sat with crossed legs on a divan, languidly toying with a spear. His teeth were filed."

"The visitor was a man of markedly religious temperament, and he gazed at the cannibal with horror."

"Is that really a cannibal?" he asked the showman.

"You let he is," the showman answered. "Do you know how he was captured? That great living curiosity was captured, sir, in the act of boiling an aged Baptist minister over a slow fire."

"Then convert him," the visitor cried. "Oh, my friend, why don't you convert him?"

"The showman made a gesture of disgust."

"Convert him," he said. "Do you think the public would pay a dime a head to see a Christian?"—Washington Star.

## How Could He, Indeed?

It was the day of the big brother's club's picnic. Five-year-old Samuel had never been to a picnic, but his visits to the settlement, which was the meeting place of big brother's club, had been productive of sundry pats of encouragement, to say nothing of occasional posies and red apples, and he knew that the picnic, for which his mother had prepared an enormous luncheon, must be altogether desirable, and he then and there made up his small mind that it was high time he formed the acquaintance of a picnic. Therefore, when the club assembled big brother, with much disgust, produced Samuel and told his fellow members that Samuel must be their guest or he, too, must forego the picnic.

On the ride to the ferry Samuel, finger in mouth, declined all invitations to be seated with the rest of the party, and eagerly absorbed his picnic experiences standing up. On the ferryboat and all the way to the beach he also trusted only to his legs to convey him safely, and by the time luncheon was served it was a very weary but still valiant and interested Samuel who leaned against his big brother's knee. The club leader, which his mother had prepared an enormous luncheon, must be altogether desirable, and he then and there made up his small mind that it was high time he formed the acquaintance of a picnic. Therefore, when the club assembled big brother, with much disgust, produced Samuel and told his fellow members that Samuel must be their guest or he, too, must forego the picnic.

"Come along, Sammie, and sit down by me."

"Aw," said Samuel, reproachfully, "how kin I sit down when I've got on me best pants?"—New York Times.

## His Serious Interruptions.

"I s'pose John is still takin' life easy," said the woman in the spring wagon.

"Yes," answered the woman who was carrying an armful of wood. "John has only two regrets in life. One is that he has to wake up to eat, and the other is that he has to quit eatin' to sleep."—Washington Star.

## A Plea for Extravagance.

Beautiful dressing is an art. The world would lose something of its grace and charm without it. Men have left off wearing picturesque and lovely clothes; really somebody must do it. Is extravagance in woman's dress so very wicked, then?—Lady.

## WOMEN'S COLUMN.

### A Square Deal.

If I only had a million bucks  
I know what I would do:  
I'd take out all wanted ads  
I'd give the rest to you.  
But if you don't think that's as fair  
As anything could be,  
Why, you can do the wishing and  
Divide the pot with me!

—Boston Transcript.

### Are Babies Moral?

"We do not expect paternal feelings in a child of five," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Woman's Home Companion. "Why, then, should we expect any other of those race-regarding impulses which we term 'morality'? Even to appeal to the 'better feelings' of a child of eight is to appeal to an irrational and the celebrated apostrophe of the emotional Irish barrister, who in the fine cushions, sachets and fancy work bags can be made of cretonne dowered lace. There are suggestions for the woman who is forming plans for her Christmas presents and wants to give odd and lovely articles that do not make too great a drain on her gift allowance."

### Free Tomatoes Till Christmas.

One year our patch of late tomatoes was just coming into full bearing when the feeling of frost crept into the night frenzy of his peroration whirled upon the judge with the thrilling appeal, "Sir, would you ever or a mother?" To appeal to a child's better nature, while excellent, in moderation, often does little more than make a hypocrite out of him before his time.

"He has got your hair, and his mother's eyes and voice, and some of your little tricks of manner—and temper—now, and he is just as safe to develop your superb self-control and civic devotion and consideration for others if you only give him time—and set him a good example. Meanwhile preaching to him that he should possess these qualities will expedite matters precious little, and unless backed up by example, not at all. Remember that life and growth of all sorts are but a response to environment, and new responses can only occur as opportunity is afforded for them."

### Women as Horse Breeders.

A conspicuous feature of this season's horse shows has been the number of prize winning horses bred by women and the number of women who rode and drove show horses. The most successful horse auction ever held in New York was a recent one got up for and presided over by a woman, and women have become prominent figures in the field of horse breeding for profit as well as for sport.

At Sequatogue farm, Long Island, Mrs. C. F. Hubbs puts her splendid string of horses through their paces herself, and these places include tandem and harness races, as well as hunters and high jumpers. Her prize tandem team are Oakdale and Oakwood, the latter having won renown under saddle and in single class driving.

There are innumerable things to consider in training a horse, and it takes a clever woman to master them all. For certain purposes the horse must be trained to a certain weight and possess certain action. A high-stepping road hack with a fascinating knee action would do in a class calling for other requirements, so that a woman trainer has to develop certain qualities in some horses and restrain them in others.

Mrs. Hubbs keeps on her farm her notable bay gelding Perhaps, which has won enough blue ribbons to blanket himself with; and also another winner, Bei, Cromwell, besides fore or less well known ponies, hacks and riding horses.

It is no uncommon thing for a woman to make a profit of several thousands of dollars on the sale of a single horse. Indeed, profits in horse breeding must be large, for losses, when they occur, are large in proportion. The clever woman knows how to minimize her losses so that she has practically nothing but profits to show.

A great many maids and young matrons are enthusiastic exhibitors and breeders of horses. It is a business which women have drifted into through their love of horses and capacity for ruling and handling them to exceptional advantage. For the most part fashionable women own and superintend breeding and private stables, although several notable actresses have won renown for the size and value of their strings of blooded horses. And women of quiet tastes who love an outdoor life are largely in the ranks of those who raise, sell and ride horses for profit as well as for fun.

Mrs. H. Reeve Stockton of Plainfield, N. J., when a slip of a girl (it is only a little while ago that she was Miss Leila Cruikshank), won all sorts of honors as a daring rider and driver of horses, and owns a number of blooded horses, which she trains herself.

At Green's farm, in Connecticut, Miss Emily Bedford is a familiar figure, driving her famous blooded horses for riding and driving. Miss Bedford and her husband, Mr. John Bedford, are credited with knowing the good and bad points of a horse as well as does the most expert horse breeder in Kentucky.

Mrs. John Gerken is among the women who own large horse breeding farms on Long Island—for there are a number of such farms on the hills and meadows of this neighboring borough. Mrs. Gerken has bred some of the most notable among prize winning horses, and when the notion seizes her to sell she can always command fancy prices, for her stock is known far and wide. Horses of her breeding represented America in the international show in London last June.

Even the gayeties of society cannot tempt some young matrons away from their favorite pastime of riding, driving and training horses. Mrs. William A. McGibbin never lets social engagements interfere with this, her chosen occupation. When preparing for a show she rides at least four horses every day, training each for the part it will take. As Miss C. Atelade, the foremost horse fancier in the city, before she married a man as fond of horses as she and added to her possessions a string of fine horses.

Another young matron with a stable of fine horses which she trains herself is Mrs. W. Stanton Elliott, who has been a good horsewoman ever since she was 5 years old. Some of the notable horses which Mrs. Elliott has handled and captured hundreds of trophies with are Flashlight, Daphne, Jasmine and Judge Control.

As Miss Molly Maxwell, Mrs. Joseph Edward Davis first won renown among lovers of horseflesh for her daring "cross-country" riding and high jumping. She has handled and shown a great many horses, but her most recent claimants for blue ribbons and other prizes have been Minerva, Adonis, Jacobite, Dauntless and Beth Maid.

Another young girl who can manage a stable and string of horses almost as well as an expert in the business is Miss Mabel B. Hooley, a social favorite in Plainfield, N. J., and celebrated for her remarkable high jumping and daring "cross-country" riding. Miss Hooley handles the ribbons equally well. It is said at horse shows that she handles a large majority of blue ones. Her pet horses are Tit, Czar, Little Corporal, Crusher, Dorothea, Free Quaker, Quaker Maid, Delight and Mansfield.

Among true feminine sportswomen who know all about banding, buying

and selling a horse is counted Mrs. E. C. Kirkland, one of the most constant exhibitors at the Madison Square Garden shows. Colleen, a favorite prize winner of hers, won honors at the international show in London. Mrs. Kirkland keeps a particularly large string of riding horses, of which June McCre, Sweetheart and Baby are especially noted.

All in and around New York dwell numbers of the most daring riders and best judges of horses to be found anywhere—all of them women. None can excel the record made by Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg for high jumping and blood curdling feats at "cross country" riding. She can pick a horse as well as most women can pick a hat.

Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., has won prize much the same record, and her stables on Long Island show many a favorite that will answer to her touch and training better than to that of any servant on her estates.

All over the country are dotted riding and driving clubs, most of which number women members and all of which encourage women to share the privileges of the clubs and show their horses to the best advantage.

Statistics show that women are to be found occupying successfully even the positions of veterinary surgeons, blacksmiths, cab drivers, grooms and stablemen. —New York Tribune.

### The Corset Lacer.

Can you believe me when I tell you that many a woman actually boasts of never unlacing her corset?

"'Tis true, 'tis pity!" But it only goes to show how very little the average woman understands this universal article of woman's apparel.

In this age of extravagant dressing it is said that the very badge of the rich is "destroyed magnificence"—to pay the price of a sumptuous plume, then shave it; why, that is the acme of luxuriance! The woman who buys a 39-cent corset laces it to fit her, then dons it and doffs it without loosening the lacer, is just as guilty of a destructive act as the woman who shaves her plume—and, possibly, the dollar woman's extravagance causes more disaster than does that of the million-dollar woman.

The unchanged lacer will spoil a good corset, and it does not give a cheaper one a fair chance.

The lacer is cast for a far more important rule in the corset game than you ever guessed. That is why it is worth a story. Its vocation is not merely to hold the corset together in the back (and that is the only use accorded it by the woman who never unties the hard knot), for if that were true, the corset would have been supplied with a breadth of cloth in the back instead of with carefully finished edges and bones and eyelets—lots more trouble to make, you know. In the ability of the lacer to tighten and loosen the corset lies its power; therefore the lacer must be much longer than is required to close the corset.

The accepted way to lace a corset is to begin at the top. Thread the top eyelet on each side of the corset and draw the lacer through so that its exact center is between the two eyelets. Lace in the ordinary way until you reach the waistline, which is usually indicated by the eyelets being placed close together. Then, too, there is always a "staying" tape at the under side which follows the waist line.

At the waist line you may make a loop in your lacer by passing each end through the next eyelet on its own side, then continue to lace across to the end of the corset.

Here the two ends may be knotted, but there is a pretty way of fastening each end of the lacer—and practical, too. Now, look and see if I can tell you how to do it—I could show you in a second. When you reach the last eyelet, instead of passing the tagged end through it, draw the lacer from the wrong side to the right in a little loop close to the tag; then put the tag through the loop and draw the lacer tight to hold it firmly in place. Do you see how it is done? It is very simple.

When the corset is put on it should be unlaced to its fullest extent, leaving the 6 to 8-inch loop at either side of the waist line. In this way the corset is easily hooked—without any strain to the garment and with no "holding of breath" on your part. Next, fasten the stocking supporters. Most of the corsets of the day have two sets—one for the front and one for the sides—and especially needful are these for the stout woman. Adjust your stockings so that they will not cause discomfort by wrinkling or drawing, then adjust the corset to the proper size by gently drawing up the lacers. Do not draw the corset closer together at the top and bottom than at the waist line. If the corset has a tendency to do this it does not fit you. The corset should curve in slightly at the waist line; but too much curve will, after a while, cause the corset an ugly shape, which gives the corset an ugly look, and at the same time makes it uncomfortable.

Adjusted to the proper size the lacers must be tied—never directly around the waist, for this will eventually bend or break the bones. Tie the lacer in the back or bring it to the front, and passing it under the large hook which holds the corset together, pass it over the hook and add at home, tie it at one side. Another way is to pass the right lacer under the left front stocking supporter, tying it to the left lacer at the lower edge of the corset.

When it can be afforded, choose a silk lacer, for it passes so much more smoothly through the eyelets.

The length of the lacer depends upon the length of the corset and the number of eyelets—some are as long as twelve yards.

Untie and unlace your corset before you take it off. Then it will take but a minute to even up the lacer and have it all ready to put on again in the morning. If you will do this it will greatly lessen the temptation to put it on carelessly.

### New Cretonne and Lace Fancy Work.

If you have any odd bits of cretonne left over from summer dress trimmings or from the law fall house decorations, throw them away or rumple them in a work bag, but keep them folded neatly, and then when you have time use them for mat and centerpiece decorations in the new cretonne art fancy work.

It is a long time since any needlework novelty has proved as attractive and easy to do as this treatment of cretonne flowers on net, or, to be exact, un-floated net, for the cretonne flowers are put on the cretonne sprays are set out to show through. It is the simplest kind of fancy work to do and takes so little time that every woman will like making mats and doilies.

First decide upon what you want to make, whether it is to be a set of small doilies, a table centerpiece, a set of dressing table mats, covers for the lingerie cushions, curtains of bed draperies, and the like. Then take a scarf and your dressing table. Take a strip of coarse white lace—a plain net is preferred—but it the exact size you want it, and either bind the edge all around with narrow satin ribbon or turn in a narrow hem on the right side and then cover this with a strip of lace edging, a piece of narrow flowered ribbon or a band of cretonne in a plain color.

When the cover is ready for the decoration, take your pieces of cretonne and cut out sprays of flowers that will fit the lace strip. Sometimes a very pleasing effect is achieved by starting a large spray in one corner and letting it pass

under almost across the length of the lace netting. If the sprays do not fit as they come naturally they can be enlarged by the addition of other flowers and leaves and they can be made almost any width and length desired.

One charming dresser cover has little French wreaths tied with ribbon cut out of cretonne and scattered at regular intervals over the scarf. The cretonne applications must be pasted securely to the under side of the net. Colorless paste is the best for this purpose, and if the paste is first laid over the net in the shape of the design about to be applied there will be no unnecessary glue or paste on the cretonne, as it needs to be held only to the lace meshes. After gluing has been done with great care then apply the cretonne spray and press all the little tips and points down hard. If any of them have not been sufficiently glued put on a little more paste and repeat the pressing. Very often the heat of the room will curl up the edges of the cretonne after a while, but it is very easy to go over them now and then and fasten down any loose places.

Cushions, curtains and bed draperies are really charming when done in this style, and they are inexpensive enough to make them possible for almost any woman. Instead of using plain white net cream color or even ecru is often selected for these decorations. With cut out flowered borders or corner sprays of cretonne having a cream or ecru background, the cunning covering of a hand painted look. These can be lined or not as one likes, and in case a thin silk or silky looking cotton material is selected for the background then the cretonne decorations can be pasted on this material instead of the lace.

In chintz furnished rooms where one wants to follow out the cretonne scheme plain coarse meshed lace trimmed with cretonne designs to match the rest of the chintz are even prettier than all cretonne.

All sorts of dainty trifles, such as pin air, says a writer in Suburban Life.

It seemed too bad to let all of that fine prospect go for naught, especially as we had gathered all of



**AN OCTOBER NIGHT.**

The days of the day are furled.  
The hosts of the wind are still;  
You can see where their tents are pitched  
Over beyond the hill.

You can see where the sentries walk;  
The dead leaves stir as they pass;  
An outpost bird in the hedge,  
And the cricket scouts in the grass.

—James Owen Tryon in Broadway Magazine.

**HIS VOICE.**

We all have our little weaknesses: we all fancy ourselves particularly good at something or other—and probably we are nothing of the sort.

I remind you of this because I don't want you to laugh at Bob Pengelly too much, as, apart from his one little delusion, he was really a very decent sort indeed.

Cornwall and Wales are very similar in one respect—the inhabitants of both are very fond and very proud of their singing. In Cornwall they call it a "gift," and a gift is supposed to run in families. That was really how the idea that he could sing got so firmly implanted in Bob's head.

He took his place in the choir of the little Wesleyan chapel, and no one liked to hurt his feelings or minded till Hilda Trevena, who had been away teaching in London, came home to look after her widowed father. Quite naturally, she took command of the whole tiny fishing village as well as her father, and, incidentally, became organist of the unpretentious choir.

Now, Hilda Trevena was a very fine, lovable maid of 22, and Bob Pengelly was a fine youth of much the same age. It was only to be expected, therefore, that on summer evenings they should fall into a habit of strolling along the cliffs. It was only to be expected, also, that one night Bob should find himself tongue-tied, and yet madly anxious to speak, and should finally blurt out:

"Hilda, I love 'ee!"

Two nights later, as they sat silent for a minute or two, after a couple of hours of lover-talk, Hilda, from the best of motives, blundered:

"Bob," she said, "now we are engaged, we can speak plainly—to each other. Would you mind not singing in the choir any more?"

"Why, what do 'ee mean?" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "Not sing in the choir, when I've sung there since I was ten?"

"You see, dear, I want to make our choir a special one. I don't want any but really good voices in it."

"Everyone'll tell 'ee as I've always had as fine a voice as any hereabouts!" he protested.

"It may have been good once, Bob," she said gently, "but it's certainly not good now."

He took his arm from around her waist, and sat up stiffly.

"I certainly never expected to hear from you, Hilda, that I can't sing!" he said.

"Don't be angry!" she pleaded.

The end of it was a quarrel—a real, hot Cornish quarrel, in which each said twice as much as either meant, in as nasty a way as possible.

Hilda's father was undoubtedly the leading man of Polpenney, since he was the owner of the fish factory.

The news that his daughter's engagement to Bob Pengelly had been suddenly broken off came at a time when he was too much perturbed to give it much attention. A certain fishing company, owning a large steam fleet, having a glut of pilchards, had telegraphed him an offer of a cargo at an extremely low price. He had wired back his acceptance, and the steamer was due to arrive from Plymouth about half-past 10. And during breakfast, while Hilda was telling her news, and trying to pretend to him and herself that she did not care, his thoughts were mainly occupied with wondering what the fishermen of Polpenney would say and do when the steamer appeared.

They were all drift net fishers at Polpenney, and the pilchard catch was their principal means of livelihood. A bad season meant a hard winter—pinched cheeks for the mothers, tightened belts for the fathers, and no boots for the children. The fish factory was their only market. All their fish were sold for cash to John Trevena. If he bought the fish he needed for his customers elsewhere at a lower price, what was to become of the Polpenney fishermen?

As John Trevena drank his coffee that morning he regretted that he had accepted the steam company's offer. When the steamer hove in sight, a group of highly indignant fishermen were waiting on the quay of the little harbor to welcome it.

"What's to do, lads?" asked one. "Will 'ee stand quiet and see the bread taken out o' our children's mouths?"

"Remember the winter that's coming," said another, "and let's pitch his fish over the side dreckly he comes into harbor!"

"Nay, let's present him landin' at all," suggested a third. "Let's out w' the boom, so's he can't get in."

The entrance to Polpenney harbor was a passage between two rocky cliffs, at the outside twenty-five feet wide; and the boom was a heavy beam, which was placed across this entrance on stormy nights, to serve the double purpose of breaking the force of the waves, and preventing any of the boats being washed out to sea.

The village policeman, who had been listening with interest, entered an official protest.

"Look here, mates," he said, "I don't say as I don't sympathize w' 'ee; but the law's the law, and I've got to do my duty. Anyone as illegally prevents a ship from entering will ha' to be arrested!"

"All right, Ned!" exclaimed Bob Pengelly. "Us won't do anything illegal!"

"Illegal or not, us have got to keep that chap hanging about outside with his cargo till it's gone bad!" said an old fisherman surlily.

"He's took up w' Trevena's daughter," jeered another, "so o' course he stands up for the old skintint!"

"It's all off with Trevena's daughter," declared Bob hotly, "and I be going to teach Trevena a legal lesson all by myself!"

He jumped into a big, clumsy, leaky old rowing-boat, such as you may see rotting in any harbor. She was already half full, and he made no attempt to bail her out, but pushed off, standing in water up to his knees. By the time he had poled the boat across the basin she was in imminent danger of sinking; but he managed to keep her afloat till the

fairway was reached; and then he let her sink as nearly as possible in the middle, and swam back to his mates on the quay.

"There!" he laughed to the constable. "I couldn't help having an accident, and getting sunk right in the harbor mouth, could I?"

With her deeper draught, no steamer could enter that shallow little harbor now, however high the tide, but the light, handy little fisher-boats could go in and out as usual.

"He's done me," said John Trevena to his daughter. "By sundown they'll have to throw the lot overboard, and I shall have to pay just the same!"

"It was too bad of you, father, to buy them at all," Hilda answered. "You ought to have thought of the fishermen!"

"Hold your tongue!" he said angrily. "Can't I make a bargain when it's offered me?"

He stood there thinking.

"That fish could be landed in the steamer's boats as sure as my name's John!" he announced. He took down his fowling-piece, and deliberately loaded it.

"Oh, father!" Hilda exclaimed, aghast. "Be quiet!" he snapped, and stalked out to the group on the quay.

"Those pilchards are coming ashore now, my lads!" he said determinedly.

Cowed, each afraid that if John Trevena fired he would be hit, they stayed, and watched in sullen silence till the last boatload had been carried into the factory.

Fearing that the factory would be broken into in the night and the fish destroyed, John Trevena insisted upon keeping watch there with his fowling piece.

Hilda, alone in the house, tossed unhappily in her bed. She was utterly miserable, and could not sleep.

Suddenly she jumped out of bed and ran to the window, frightened by an unnatural glare in the sky. The fish factory was on fire. Some ungovernable spirits among the fishermen had chosen that way of revenging themselves.

Hastily throwing on some clothes, she rushed out, making her way through the crowd of onlookers straight to Bob Pengelly, their quarrel forgotten, her instinct urging her to turn to the man she loved.

"Where's my father?" she cried, laying a trembling hand upon his arm.

"Isn't he at home in bed?" Bob queried anxiously.

"No," she moaned. "He would spend the night in the factory on guard! Oh, save him, Bob; she pleaded. "He didn't really mean any harm! Don't let him be burnt to death!"

"I'll save him, dear," Bob answered shortly. "This be none o' my work!"

And without more ado he plunged into the flames.

The acrid smoke which arose from the coarse pilchard oil as it burned, and the hot air he had perforce to breathe, scorched his lungs; but he groped about until he found the body of John Trevena lying on the floor. Each breath was like a stab with a red-hot iron, and he dared not open his eyes. Blindly, desperately, he dragged the unconscious man along, until his head swam, and his legs gave way beneath him. Struggling up again by a superhuman effort, he managed to regain the open air with his burden, and fell in a dead faint at Hilda's feet.

An hour later he lay in a bed in John Trevena's house, with Hilda and the doctor standing over him.

"Now I am allowed to speak again," said Bob Pengelly, in a thin, husky whisper. "I should like to tell you how grateful I am and how much I love you!"

"It is I who should be grateful to you for saving my father's life," said Hilda, leaning down so that her face was close to his.

He raised his head, and kissed her full upon the lips.

"There, dear!" he whispered, in the same wheezy, asthmatical voice. "Us'll never quarrel again. And you'll try, sweetheart, to learn to like my singing, won't you?"

"Your voice will always be like this now," she faltered. "You'll never be able to sing any more!"

"Never be able to sing any more!" he echoed, his face falling at the thought of being thus forced to give up the only hobby of his life.

"Don't look so unhappy," Hilda begged. "You lost your voice doing a brave deed; and—and you'll have me, you know!"

"Yes," he responded, more cheerfully. "I shall have you, and I shall also have the memory of how I could sing once to look back upon!"—Harold Harner in Answers.

**A Natural Error.**

A group of aeronauts were telling balloon stories in the smoking room of a Chicago hotel. Capt. H. E. Honeywell, who, with the Fielding-Antonio balloon, was later to win renown, laughed and said:

"The great Elyot made a balloon ascent from Charleston one hot summer afternoon. A thunder storm came up. Elyot, amid buckets of rain, the roar of thunder and the flash of lightning, was blown about like a thistle-down. On toward midnight he found himself over a plantation and threw out his anchor—a grapple at the end of a long rope.

"It happened that a colored man had died in one of the huts of this plantation. The funeral was to take place in the morning. A dozen friends of the dead man sat in the soft summer night before the hut, telling ghost stories.

"Suddenly, in the darkness above them they heard strange noises—a flapping as of great wings, menacing cries. And they saw dimly a formless black shape. All but one man ran. This old man, as he covered on his stool, had the ill luck to be seized by the grapple.

The grapple, going at a great pace, whirled him up 4 or 5 feet in the air, and jerked him along at the rate of fifteen miles or so an hour.

"O, massa, massa!" he yelled, squirming and kicking in that strange flight. "I see not de one! I see not de cawpse! Dick's in de house, dah! In de house, dah!"—New York Tribune.

**Spending It in New York.**

Upton Sinclair, the noted young novelist, said the other day of a spendthrift poet:

"He is a very witty fellow. Recently he became quite destitute. In his garret in New York he lived for some weeks on bread and olive oil. His friends talked of taking up a collection to send him to Canada, where he had influential friends who would give him work.

"I reported this project to the young Bohemian, but he scoffed at it.

"Who would emigrate to Canada," he said, "if he had the money to emigrate with?"—Washington Sun.

## NOTES OF INTEREST.

As a Northern Central passenger train passed Jacobs Mills, two miles east of Hanover, Pa., a young chicken was caught by the cowcatcher. When the train arrived in Hanover the fowl was sitting on the front part of the engine unharmed.

Gold nuggets weighing half a pound each were found by Morris Hurwitz while digging at Moneta and Santa Barbara avenues in Los Angeles, Cal. Four of these yellow chunks which Hurwitz picked up proved to be worth \$500 each.

The other day about twenty boys, averaging 13 years of age, marched down one of the main thoroughfares laden with a dozen panes of window glass, each lad going toward the canvas factory recently moved to Trafalgar, Ind., from Greensburg. Rubber slings recently have become popular among the boys and several days ago they broke all of the 200 windows in the factory. The firm announced they would take the matter to court unless restitution was made immediately. The boys held a council and the other day returned the glass.

While raising a telephone pole, Philip Briggs, a lineman, of Altoona, Pa., was hurled through a paling fence, landing twenty feet on the other side and escaping with few bruises. One of the guy wires broke, and the end of the heavy pole, poised in midair, swung like a pendulum and sent him flying like a golf ball.

When "Whispering Bill" Green, a millionaire cattleman of western Colorado, reached the Albany hotel dinner table in Denver in his shirt sleeves he was told by the head waiter that unless he donned a coat he would not be served. He appealed to the manager, who allowed Green to eat after he had donned a "jumper" from his grip.

Dobbin, the faithful roan horse that for twenty years has drawn Cyrus Bottner and his family to the Dutch Reformed church in Clinton, N. J., was supplanted by a spirited horse that has fine action. When Bottner harnessed the new horse to the family carryall Sunday, Dobbin kicked splinters from the sides of its stall and tried to break its halter. But the Bottners drove away. Service had scarcely begun when Dobbin appeared at the church and neighed so loud that service was disturbed. Bottner took the new horse out of the shafts and harnessed Dobbin to the team. And after church it was Dobbin that drew the carryall back home.

Sammel Wilson of Wolcott, Conn., is raising potatoes both above and below ground on the same vine as a result of two years of experimenting. A few weeks ago, on looking over his new potato plants, he saw little budlike protuberances growing out from the bases of the leaves. These buds developed into well formed and good sized potatoes of the same kind as those growing at the roots of the plants. The bush potato is a cross between the Beauty of Hebron and the Delaware. Those above ground grow from four to eight on a plant, one at the base of each leaf.

Though he was 100 years old on Thursday Daniel Miller of Congo, near Quakewalk, Pa., cannot claim that his many years constituted a very thriving life. In all that time he never rode on a trolley or railway coach, has never been married, and was never fifty miles away from his home. He attributes his long life to careful living.

A hot water bag, which was evidently all that its name implied, may cost the army one of its officers. In an application for retirement Capt. Edwin G. Davis of San Francisco, Cal., commander of the Sixty-first coast artillery, declares that he has been disabled by the application of hot water bags to an ankle that was severely bruised in the Philippines. The scalding heat, it is said, injured the tissues of his foot.

Walking along the river at Beach Haven, Pa., Augustus Remaley saw a fine specimen of blue heron, evidently unable to fly. Attracted by the beautiful bird's distress, he discovered that a clam or freshwater mussel had closed tightly about the bird's toe and held it so securely that it could not get away, while in the bird's mouth was a small fish.

James Gorsuch, a hotel man of Altoona, Pa., has a scarlet fever when 10 months old and became deaf in his left ear. Following a flash of lightning during a storm he felt a stinging sensation in the ear, and, after it passed away, he discovered that he could hear with it as well as with the other.

The oddest bombardment to which any portion of Webster City, Ia., was ever subjected came the other day. Five hundred bottles of "soft drinks," full of fizz, had been piled in huge pyramids in front of G. P. Papalan's place, and a delivery wagon, turning the corner too short, knocked them over and broke many. Then the first concussion got their work in on the other bottles, and bangety-bang they all went, throwing necks and other bits of glass high in the air, with a perfect fountain of pop and ginger ale.

When his family went out to call Francis Donahue of Manchester, Conn., in to dinner they found he had accidentally strangled to death while sitting on his veranda taking a nap in the bright sun. It is supposed that after smoking for a time he dropped his arms on his knees and fell asleep. As he slept his legs slipped forward until his head was resting on his arm, and slowly and painlessly, the doctor says, he suffocated.

John Johnson, an aged Swedish sailor, has started suit against Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Anderson of the Solah valley, near Seattle, Wash., to recover possession of a ten-acre tract of land which, he says, he deeded five years ago without consulting with the Andersons on their agreement to care for him during his life and to give him a proper burial when dead. Since then, he says, he has worked hard to improve the ranch, only to be told recently to leave the land and find a home elsewhere.

Harry H. Weeks, a Minneapolis, Minn., letter carrier, asked the Humane society to send the dog wagon after an old St. Bernard pet, Bonnie Doon, which had outgrown its usefulness and had become a nuisance. An hour later he telephoned that he would not take \$100,000 for the same dog. While the wagon was on the way to claim the animal the faithful old fellows saved the life of 4-year-old Howard Weeks, and now nothing would induce the family to part with him. The dog was playing with the baby on the lawn in front of the Weeks residence when a vicious bulldog endeavored to make a lunge for the child. Seemingly to understand that the bulldog was bent on attacking the baby, the old, half blind dog threw himself between the enraged animal and the child. He was badly bitten, but his shaggy hair prevented him from receiving serious injuries.

Percy Smith, a young New Yorker spending his vacation in Kent, Winsted, Conn., county, went in bathing in a secluded pond there. When he left the water his clothes, with watch and pocketbook, were missing. He walked about the shore for an hour, thinking somebody had taken his clothes for a joke and,

would return them. After waiting vainly five hours he fastened the largest leaves he could find about his trunk with small sticks and after dark returned to the farmhouse where he was staying.

Mrs. Ryle Bressler of Shamokin, Pa., in a dream heard her son William order everybody away from a balloon as he was about to make an ascension. She rolled out of bed, pitched headlong down a long flight of steps, and probably was fatally injured. Last week her son made daily balloon ascensions at Edgewood, park, and the mother was greatly exercised, fearing he would kill himself.

Because he preferred to be in jail rather than outside, Richard Losey, a laborer, 24 years old, who was arrested on a charge of being drunk, refused to walk out of the Spokane jail, and was a free man when a friend offered to furnish the \$6 bond necessary to obtain Losey's freedom.

"No, I will not let him put up a bond for me," said the prisoner. "It's nice and cool in this jail and I am willing to serve my time out here. Tell him to keep his money."

At the session of the police court London was fined \$10 and costs on a charge of drunkenness. He was ordered to serve out his sentence on the rock pile, so the cool cells of the bastille will be accessible to him only after he has spent a day in the hot sun breaking rock.

George Smith, a lumber jobber, whose operation is in the Black Forest, in Pennsylvania, ran into a black bear as the latter was rummaging for chestnuts. Smith was without a weapon, but he tackled the bear with a club and killed it. Bruin weighed 125 pounds. Five bears have been killed in the Black Forest within a week.

John Windler, a farmer, living in the vicinity of Earl Park, Ind., has demonstrated his ability as a cornhusker in spite of his having but one hand. Mr. Windler husks on an average eighty-five bushels of corn a day and scoops it into the crib. Last fall, on a wager, he husked ninety-five bushels in ten hours, and the corn was exceptionally free from husks. Mr. Windler breaks the ear over his wrist, but apparently husks with as much ease as does the average man with two good hands.

Seeing a large chicken hawk on a tree, Peter Querin of Altoona, Pa., was galled and found that one of its legs was bent to the limb, and captured it. It is presumed the hawk became entangled in a cord, carried it to the limb, and while trying to free itself became more entangled.

Benjamin Robison of New Albany, Ind., found a copperhead snake coiled up in a pair of trousers at his home the other day. He removed the trousers from a closet and felt a squirming movement in one of the legs. He gave the trousers a shake and the snake dropped to the floor and was quickly clubbed to death. It was thirty inches long.

Attacked and severely bitten by a pet cat, it is probable that Mrs. C. H. Robinson of 1234 East Twenty-second street, Wilmington, Del., would have lost one of her hands had it not been for a heroic remedy applied by a strange man who was passing her home and witnessed the attack. He sucked the blood from the wounds, and it is thought he drew out the poison from the animal's teeth in this way. Mrs. Robinson is recovering, although it was thought amputation would have to be resorted to to save her hand.

By mistake taking enough morphia in a single dose to kill a score of men, Byron Koons of Pottsville, Pa., was discharged from the Pottsville hospital, little the worse for having been snatched from the very jaws of death. Getting his medicine mixed, he drank a quantity of morphia equal to twenty-four grains, whereas an adult dose is a quarter of a grain. After working on him for hours, a coterie of physicians conquered. They say Koons' case is the only one on record of a survival after such a dose.

A stairway in the \$5000 residence being built for Mrs. Mollie Hayes on her farm near Greentield, Ind., is out of the ordinary. In that it is constructed of the finest quality of black walnut boards, formed the floor of the hayloft in an old barn on the farm. The barn was built over fifty years ago, when the walnut timber was plentiful, and was commonly used for fence rails.

Several changes are being made in the various Chicago consuls. The British consul, Alexander Finn, a social favorite, is still on sick leave, and Thomas Erskine, consul at St. Louis, is acting in his absence, while a new vice consul, Alexander Adams, young and untied matrimonially, has just arrived. Baron Schilling, the new Russian consul, has taken an apartment on the north side of Chicago, and he and the baroness promise to be as acceptable socially as Baron Schlippenbach, who left recently.

Guests invited to attend the wedding of Miss Nora Humphrey of Flushing, O., and Walter Woodward of Columbus, O., were given a great surprise on arriving at the home of the bride, says the Utica Press. A conference was held a short time before the service between the bride, the bridegroom and Charles Llewellyn, who was to have been the best man. When the guests had assembled in the parlors of the Humphrey home Rev. W. G. Todd, the officiating minister, announced that there had been a change in the wedding arrangements. Said Miss Humphrey and Woodward had talked over the matter, and as Miss Humphrey was of the opinion that she loved Llewellyn best, Woodward had consented to act as best man, while Llewellyn would be bridegroom. The arrangement was entirely satisfactory to the parties concerned, and, although the guests were taken by surprise, the usual congratulations and good wishes were extended.

Charles McCoy, a Covington, Ky., "steakjack," fell fifty feet from a smokestack and was around town the day after telling his friends how it all happened. McCoy was painting the smokestack on the Perin Flour company's building, at the Cincinnati end of the suspension bridge, when the big pole on which he was raising his paint bucket broke and he and his bucket fell, swinging sent. He fell headlong through the air. About twenty feet down he struck one of the arms that brace the pipe. He tried to hold on to this support, but he merely checked his fall to the top of the roof of the adjoining building. Fellow workers rushed to his aid, expecting to pick him up a mangled corpse. McCoy was on his feet dusting off his clothes.

After serving five years at the McNeil's island penitentiary for the theft of gold dust from the Wild Goose Mining company of Nome, Alaska, by which company he was employed as confidential clerk, George Tolman returned to Nome and again has taken up his duties as clerk for the company. This is said to be the first sentence of any person convicted of theft and sentenced to McNeil's island in which the employer has re-employed the thief after the sentence was served. In Tolman's case it is considered extraordinary, as he stole more than \$40,000.

## PROMINENT PEOPLE.

**THOMAS DOLAN** of Philadelphia, who ranks with the great men at the head of the industrial enterprises in the United States, was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, October 27, 1834, and was educated in the common schools. As a young man he secured his fortunes, in a humble way, with a commission house in Philadelphia, the principal trade of which had to do with fancy knit goods. In 1861 Mr. Dolan embarked in the manufacture of this kind on his own account, and started a modest little factory on a site where now stands one of the largest knitting mills in the world and of which he is president and owner. He introduced the latest machinery and was the pioneer in the development of American supremacy in textile manufactures and in replacing imported goods with American products. In addition to the great textile firm of which he is the head Mr. Dolan is heavily interested in shipbuilding companies, street railways and many other large commercial and manufacturing concerns. He is one of the leading spirits in the American Manufacturers' association and for a number of years served as president of the National Board of Trade.

**JOSEPH W. FOLK**, governor of Missouri and a candidate for United States senator, was born October 28, 1839, in Brownsville, Tenn. His education was received at Vanderbilt university, from which institution he was graduated in 1860. His student law, was admitted to the bar and practiced for a year in his native town. He then removed to St. Louis, where he soon became prominent in his chosen profession. He took an active interest in Democratic politics and before long became prominent in public affairs. In 1890 he was instrumental in bringing about a peaceful settlement of the great street railway strike in St. Louis. The prominence which he attained through the arbitration of the street railway strike led to his nomination later in the same year as the Democratic candidate for district attorney. He was elected and during his term of office he won national fame by his prosecution of those guilty of election frauds, bribery and municipal corruption. Nearly a score of legislative bribery were sent to prison through the efforts of Mr. Folk and among them were several millionaire political bosses. In 1904 he was elected to the governorship, receiving 50,000 more votes than the other candidates on his ticket. As governor he continued his work of purging the state of political corruption.

**ARTHUR YAGER**, prominent as an educator and writer, was born October 29, 1858, in the county of Kentucky. He was educated at Georgetown college, graduating in 1879. Soon after his graduation he became principal of the Georgetown academy at Georgetown, Ky., and continued in that position for three years. Since 1884 he has occupied the chair of history and economics in Georgetown college and for several years past he has been chairman of the faculty of that institution. Dr. Yager has contributed many scientific and historical articles to the periodicals. He is a member of the American Historical association, the American Economic association and other of the foremost learned bodies in America.

**LORD DESBOROUGH**, known as one of the most versatile men in English public life, was born October 30, 1855. He is a pronounced bimetalist and a tariff reformer, a writer and a patron of all sorts of athletics. Several years ago he was regarded as the probable successor of Sir Mortimer Durand in the British embassy at Washington. In his college days Lord Desborough was a member of the Cambridge crew and for several years he was the amateur punting champion of the Thames. He was also chairman of the committee in charge of the arrangements for the Olympic games held in London the past summer. His versatility may be judged by the wide range of his writings, which include articles on the Rocky mountains, rowing, the House of Lords and bimetalism. He is a man of great wealth and his place, Tapley Court, is near Windsor castle, and adjoins the magnificent estate of William Waldorf Astor.

**WILLIAM GIBBS MADDOO**, the builder of the tunnel under the Hudson river, named after him, was born near Marietta, Ga., on October 31, 1863. He studied law and began to practice in Chattanooga after he had reached his twenty-first year. In 1892 he moved to New York and began to practice law there until 1902, when he organized the company which acquired the old tunnel under the Hudson which had been begun in 1874. This original tunnel plan had proven a failure and a second attempt had met with the same fate. Maddoo was confident that the tunnel project could be carried out successfully and was made president of the New York & New Jersey Railroad company which has since built the tunnel from Christopher street to Jersey City. One year later, in 1903, he organized and was elected president of the Hudson & Manhattan railroad company, which started the tunnel from Cortlandt street to the Pennsylvania railroad depot in Jersey City.

**EUGENE W. CHAFIN**, nominee for the presidency on the Prohibition ticket, was born in Walworth county, Wis., on November 1, 1852. He worked on a farm by the month to defray his expenses while at the University of Wisconsin from which he graduated in 1875. He practiced law in Waukesha, Wis., for twenty-five years, was state president of the Epworth league two terms and grand chief templar of the state Good Templars four terms. He was candidate on the Prohibition ticket for attorney general of Wisconsin twice and for governor in 1898. He came to Chicago in 1901 and soon became one of the most prominent men of his party in the state. He is the author of "Lives of the Presidents" and "Lincoln, the Man of Sorrows."

**ALBERT REID LEDOUX**, a noted mining engineer and metallurgist and a former president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, was born November 2, 1852, in Newport, Ky. After graduating from the Columbia School of Mines he studied for several years in Berlin and at the University of Göttingen. In 1876 he returned to the United States and became state chemist and member of the state board of health of North Carolina. Since 1880 he has been engaged in practice as a consulting engineer and metallurgist and has figured as an expert in many noted cases of country and engineering. For twenty years he was employed in an advisory capacity by the New York electrical subway commission.

**BISHOP DANIEL A. GOODSELL**, of the Methodist Episcopal church, was born in Newburg, N. Y., November 3, 1840, his father being a prominent Methodist minister of the pioneer days. At the age of 18 the bishop joined the New York conference, of which he was a member. For twenty-eight years he served some of the leading churches of the conference, taking the degree of doctor of divinity at the age of 40 at Wesleyan university. In 1887, he was elected editor of Zion's Herald, but before assuming the position he was made secretary of the board of education of the Methodist Episcopal church, and served in that capacity until 1888, when he was chosen bishop by one of

the largest votes ever given a candidate. During the twenty years that have passed since his election as a bishop he has been active in the administrative work of the church. His duties have caused him to travel not only through the United States, but practically through every country of the world.

**LOYD C. GRISCOM**, prominent in the diplomatic service of the United States, was born at Riverton, N. J., November 4, 1872. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and subsequently studied law. In 1893 he became secretary to the American embassy at London and remained there two years. He then resumed his law studies and in 1896 was admitted to the bar. He entered the military service at the beginning of the war with Spain and served several months in Cuba. At the conclusion of the war he re-entered diplomatic life. He was charge d'affaires at Constantinople for two years and then served a year as minister to Persia. In 1902 he became minister to Japan and after four years there he was transferred to Brazil as the first American ambassador to that country. In 1906 he became the American ambassador to Italy.

**EUGENE VICTOR DEBS**, who in the recent election was the candidate of the Socialist party for President of the United States, was born in Terre Haute, Ind., November 5, 1855. He received a common school education and in 1871 went to work as a locomotive fireman. In 1879 he was elected city clerk of Terre Haute. About the same time he became treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of which organization he continued to be one of the leaders for many years. In 1885 he was elected to the Indiana Legislature and served one term. In 1893 he organized and became president of the American Railway union, which organization conducted the great Pullman strike, as a result of which Mr. Debs became involved with the federal authorities and with several of his associates was sentenced to jail for contempt of court. In 1897 he became chairman of the national council of the Social Democracy and in 1900 he was the candidate of that party for President of the United States. The Socialist party named him for President in 1904 and again in 1908.

**MADE A SMOKER BY ONE CIGAR.**

**Gen. Grant Pictured with a Weed in His Mouth the Cause.**

**DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 3.**—Maj.-Gen. Fred D. Grant, who is presiding at the courtmartial now in session at Fort Wayne, in the western suburbs of this city, said to some friends here that the cigar that initiated his father, the late President U. S. Grant, into the tobacco smoking habit really figured quite strongly in the winning of the battle of Fort Donaldson. Speaking of this incident, Gen. Grant said:

"My father was in conference with Admiral Foote on the latter's flagship and had just accepted a cigar from the admiral when word came to him that the left flank of his forces was being repulsed.

"Hurrying ashore and galloping on a fleet horse to the battlefield, he succeeded in rallying his forces so completely that chaos was turned into victory. Gen. Buckner had to comply with my father's demand for an unconditional surrender. "The newspapers took up the fact that father had rushed from the warship to the battlefield without taking Admiral Foote's cigar from his mouth. The dispatches from the front told how father had come onto the battlefield cool and collected and peacefully smoking a long black cigar."

"People who read the story began sending congratulations and presents of cigars. Tens of thousands of cigars came, and my father smoked many of them. It made a confirmed smoker of him. "But he did not smoke as many cigars as people imagined he did. Sometimes one cigar had to be frequently relit, or light would last from breakfast to luncheon. It was the fact that he almost constantly held a cigar between his fingers that made people describe him as a great smoker."

Gen. Grant said that his father tried to acquire the smoking habit at West Point just because the rules forbade smoking. His attempts at smoking while he was a cadet, however, made him very sick, and when he left West Point he practically gave them up. During the Mexican war, Gen. Grant said, his father took a liking to the Mexican cigars and found that they agreed with him, but when he returned to the north he again dropped the habit of smoking, to resume it after the Fort Donaldson incident.

**Cheap Charity.**

Mother Alphonsa, the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, devotes her life to those afflicted with cancer. It is to her that New York owes its admirable Hawthorne Cancer home.

At a recent meeting in aid of the home Mother Alphonsa spoke of charity—a subject whereupon, surely, no one could speak with more authority.



ker Testifies  
Wm. J. F. Reynolds Un-  
able to Walk  
Munyon's Rheumatic Remedy Made  
Him Well

Mr. Wm. J. F. Reynolds, ex-banker and financier, writes: Phila., Oct. 29, 1907. "I was perfectly helpless with rheumatism. I could not walk. I could not stand. My feet, ankles and knees were terribly swollen and I had not known a night's rest for more than a year. I used every available remedy known, with little or no relief. A friend advised Munyon's Rheumatic Remedy and reluctantly I tried it. The first bottle relieved and I purchased another. Before the second bottle had been half used I was absolutely and perfectly cured. I never felt better in my life than I feel now.

"I shall always be but too happy to give a fuller account of what Munyon's wonderful Rheumatic Remedy did for me, and cheerfully invite any sufferer to visit or correspond with me upon the subject."

W. J. F. REYNOLDS,  
1313 Arch St.

This testimonial was written nearly a year ago. We wrote to Mr. Reynolds on October 2, 1908, asking how he was getting on. This is his answer: "I want to say that I have not had the slightest touch of rheumatism for nearly a year. Your rheumatic cure eradicated every particle of rheumatism from my system. You are at liberty to use my name as reference in any way you please."

If you have stiff or swollen joints, if you have lame or stiff back, if you have sharp, shooting pains in the arms, legs, side, breast, or any part of the body, don't fail to take Munyon's Rheumatic Remedy. It contains no salicylic acid, no morphine, no opium, no cocaine. It is absolutely harmless. It neutralizes the uric acid and eliminates all rheumatic poisons from the system. A 25c. bottle often makes a complete cure. Get a bottle today and if you are not satisfied with the results, I will refund the money.

MUNYON.

Indianapolis and Louisville  
Traction Company



In Effect Sept. 12, 1908.

THE HOOSIER LIMITEDS leave Seymour northbound for Columbus, Edinburg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indianapolis at:—10:14 a. m., 1:14, 4:14 and 9:14 p. m.

THE DIXIE LIMITEDS leave Seymour southbound for Crothersville, Scottsburg, Sellersburg, Watson Junction, Jeffersonville and Louisville at:—9:09 a. m., 12:09, 4:09 and 8:09 p. m.

LOCAL CARS leave Seymour SOUTH BOUND for Louisville and all intermediate points at:—5:54, 7:54, 8:54 (For Scottsburg,) 9:54, 10:54 a. m., 12:54, 2:54, 4:54, 5:54, 7:54 (For Scottsburg,) 8:54 and (11:00 p. m. (For Scottsburg.)

Cars make direct connections at Seymour with cars of the I. C. & S. Traction Co., for Indianapolis and intermediate points, also with trains of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.

For rates and information see Agents and official time table folders in all cars.

SEYMOUR TERMINAL—On Second St., between Indpls. Ave. & Ewing Sts.

H. D. MURDOCK, Supt.  
Scottsburg, Ind.

Indianapolis, Columbus and  
Southern Traction Co.



In effect Nov. 22, 1908.

THE HOOSIER LIMITEDS leave Seymour northbound for Columbus, Edinburg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indianapolis at:—10:16 a. m., 1:16, 4:16 and 9:16 p. m.

SEYMOUR-INDIANAPOLIS LIMITEDS leave Seymour northbound for Columbus, Edinburg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indianapolis, making stops at Azalia, Taylorsville and Whiteland on flag signal only, at:—8:13 a. m. and 6:13 p. m.

LOCAL CARS leave Seymour northbound for Indianapolis and all intermediate points at 6:53, 8:53, 9:53 and every hour thereafter until 4:53, 6:53 and 7:53, and at 8:53 and 10:20 for Greenwood, and at 11:55 for Columbus.

Cars make direct connections at Seymour with cars of the I. C. & S. Traction Co., for Louisville and all intermediate points, also with trains of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.

For rates and full information see agents and official time table folders in all cars.

A. A. ANDERSON, Gen. Mgr.  
Columbus, Indiana.

Southern Indiana  
Railway Co.

TIME TABLE

North Bound.			
	No. 4	No. 6	
Lv Seymour	7:45 a m	5:00 p m	
Lv Bedford	9:05 a m	6:20 p m	
Lv Odon	10:13 a m	7:28 p m	
Lv Elmore	10:24 a m	7:39 p m	
Lv Beehunter	10:38 a m	7:51 p m	
Lv Linton	10:53 a m	8:12 p m	
Lv Jasonville	11:19 a m	8:39 p m	
Ar Terre Haute	12:15 a m	9:35 p m	
No. 25, Mixed, Leaves Seymour at 2:25 p m, arrive at Westport 4:10 p m			
South Bound			
	No. 1	No. 3	
Lv Terre Haute	6:30 a m	12:30 p m	
Lv Jasonville	7:27 a m	1:27 p m	
Lv Linton	7:52 a m	1:52 p m	
Lv Beehunter	8:07 a m	2:07 p m	
Lv Elmore	8:21 a m	2:21 p m	
Lv Odon	8:31 a m	2:31 p m	
Lv Bedford	9:45 a m	3:45 p m	
Ar Seymour	11:00 a m	5:00 p m	
No. 28 mixed leaves Westport at 4:40 p m, arrives at Seymour 6:25 p m			
For time tables and further information, apply to local agent, or			
H. P. RADLEY, G. P. & T. A. Grand Opera House, Terre Haute.			

REVOLUTION IS  
PUSHING ALONG

Haitian Government In Fair  
Way to Be Overthrown.

REBELS NEARING THE CAPITAL

Under Command of the Determined  
General Simon, Following Up the  
Revolutionist Victory at Anse a Veau,  
the Opponents of President Nord  
Alexis Are Pushing Along to Port au  
Prince and the Next Forty-Eight  
Hours May Witness Bloody Battle at  
Gates of Island Capital.

Port au Prince, Nov. 30.—The revolutionists, under command of General Antoine Simon, the former commander of the department of the south, following up their victory over the government forces at Anse a Veau, are pushing on to Port au Prince. They have driven back the government troops many miles and have seized the towns of Miragoane and Petit Goave. It is believed that General Celestin Cyrillac, minister of war, who took refuge



PRESIDENT NORD ALEXIS  
In the German consulate at the former town, is still there, but it is feared that there will be many defections of Haitians to the revolutionary army.

President Nord Alexis has energetically rejected the suggestion which has been made to him that he give up the struggle, and the government is now actively engaged in organizing its forces for a strong resistance. Three divisions of well-disciplined troops under command of General Andre, minister of interior and police, occupy a position about six miles outside the city. These troops are entrenched at the convergence of the three roads and they hold a commanding position. The south approach to the city is being fortified and the forts, Bizoton and Merced, mounting modern artillery, command the road.

Just how long it will take the revolutionists to traverse the road from Miragoane, which is about fifty miles from Port au Prince, is a matter of doubt, but as there are no government forces to check them, they are likely to reach this city within forty-eight hours. The engagement will be serious, and it is thought that the forces may be landed from the warships now in the harbor for the purpose of preventing pillage and injury to the foreign residents.

At present there is considerable excitement in this city, for while there have been many revolutions in Haiti, none have been so successful at the outset as the present. General Simon, who was commander of the department of the south for twenty years, is recognized as a strong man and an exceedingly popular one. He was ordered about a month ago by President Nord Alexis to come to this city and confer with the president on political matters, but fearing that if he did so his life would be in danger, General Simon declined to obey the order and made ready to repel any attack of the government. He had a strong following at Aux Cayes, and when he was declared a rebel thousands flocked to his banner in that town and the towns of Jeremie and Aquin. His success in forcing General Leconte and his followers, who had been sent to Aux Cayes by the president to overcome the revolutionists, to flee, and his later success in routing the forces under General Celestin at Anse a Veau, have probably brought many more Haitians to his command.

In addition to this, the sea blockade of three ports instituted by the government has proved a failure. Steamers of the regular lines are touching freely at those ports, and it is a blockade in name only.

The United States cruiser Tacoma and the French training ship Duguay Trouin are now in the harbor and the British cruiser Seylla and the Italian cruiser Fieramosa are expected to reach Port au Prince within a few days.

It is impossible to ascertain the casualties of the recent engagement at Anse a Veau, but it is understood that the government forces lost many in killed and wounded. A large number of the wounded have been brought here by the Haitian gunboat Centenaire, but the government is using all endeavors to keep all information regarding its defeat from the public.

At London tomorrow begins the long anticipated congress of the powers on maritime warfare.

CAN'T BE SEPARATED.  
Some Seymour People Have Learned  
How to Get Rid of Both.

Backache and kidney ache are twin brothers. You can't separate them. And you can't get rid of the back-ache until you cure the kidney ache. If the kidneys are well and strong, the rest of the system is pretty sure to be in vigorous health. Doan's Kidney Pills make strong healthy kidneys.

Mrs. Fred Knoll, 130 McKee Street Greensburg, Ind. says: "I was feeling very miserable suffering from kidney trouble, I had no strength of ambition and was unable to sleep at night. I could not attend to my household duties on account of the severe back-aches I suffered, together with sharp shooting pains across my loins and hard headaches; My kidneys were much disordered, and their action too frequent causing me to get up very often at night to avoid the secretions which were also highly colored. After using Doan's Kidney Pills all these troubles disappeared; I have no more backache, pains in the loins or headaches and my kidneys act regularly. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of all these ailments and I can recommend them to anyone who has suffered as I did.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

Dogs Couldn't Trail Night Riders.  
Guilford, Ind., Nov. 30.—Bloodhounds failed to find the supposed night riders who destroyed the barn of Frank Little at Homestead. The dogs, brought here from Lexington, Ky., followed the trail a short distance, but a heavy rain had destroyed the scent. The tobacco, valued at over \$1,000, was the property of John Probst.

How to Cure Skin Diseases.

The germ and their poisons must be drawn to the surface of the skin and destroyed. Zemo will do this and cure any case of skin or scalp disease no matter from what cause of how long standing. Write for sample. E. W. Rose Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo. See photos of cures in window or showcase display at A. J. Pellens drug store.

Boy Took It to Heart.  
Evansville, Ind., Nov. 30.—Following a quarrel with his father, who refused to lend him 25 cents and a horse, Harry Lockyer, twenty years old, a farmer boy, shot himself through the chest and died at St. Mary's hospital.

A Sure-Enough Knocker.

J. C. Goodwin of Reidsville, N. C. says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve is a sure enough knocker for ulcers. A bad one came on my leg last summer, but that wonderful salve knocked it out in a few rounds. Not even a scar remained." Guaranteed for piles, sores, burns, etc. 25c. at W. F. Peters drug store.

Report of Disaster Unfounded.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Nov. 28.—The Canadian Pacific steamer Manitoba, which was reported stranded off Whitefish Point, arrived safely at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. The Manitoba had a stormy passage from Port Arthur,

They Take the Kinks out.

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for many years, with increasing satisfaction. They take the kinks out of stomach, liver and bowels without 'buss or friction', says N. H. Brown of Pittsburg, Vt. Guaranteed satisfaction at W. F. Peters drug store 25c.

Slot Machines Must Go.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 30.—A crusade against slot machines of all kinds has been started by the police department. All the machines, whether paying in coin or merchandise, have been placed under the ban.

An Article of Great Merit.

Zemo has stood the test of time and is now recognized the best known remedy for the positive and permanent cure of Eczema, Pimples, Dandruff, Piles, Cuts, Scalds and Sores. An honest medicine that makes honest cures. For sale by A. J. Pellens.

E. E. Lindsay, of Columbus, was in town Sunday evening.

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, surely point to weak kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine is scanty, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Bright's or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggist recommend and sell.

Dr. Shoop's  
Restorative  
A. J. PELLANS.

DEATH LIST MAY  
NEVER BE KNOWN

Impossible to Tell How Many  
Perished In Mine Disaster.

WORSE THAN FIRST ESTIMATE

It is Now Considered Probable That  
No Fewer Than Two Hundred Miners  
Met Death in Horrid Form When the  
Big Colliery of the Pittsburg-Buffalo  
Coal Company at Marianna Let Go—  
Recovery of Shockingly Mutilated  
Bodies Gives Evidence of the Ter-  
rific Force of Explosion Which Cast  
Into Gloom What Had Been Until  
Then Considered a Model Mining  
Town.

Pittsburg, Nov. 30.—One hundred bodies, all but two of them horribly mutilated and a number of them dismembered, have been taken from the mine of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal company at Marianna, forty miles south of here, where an explosion occurred Saturday, killing many men and casting into gloom what was until then considered a model mining town of the world.

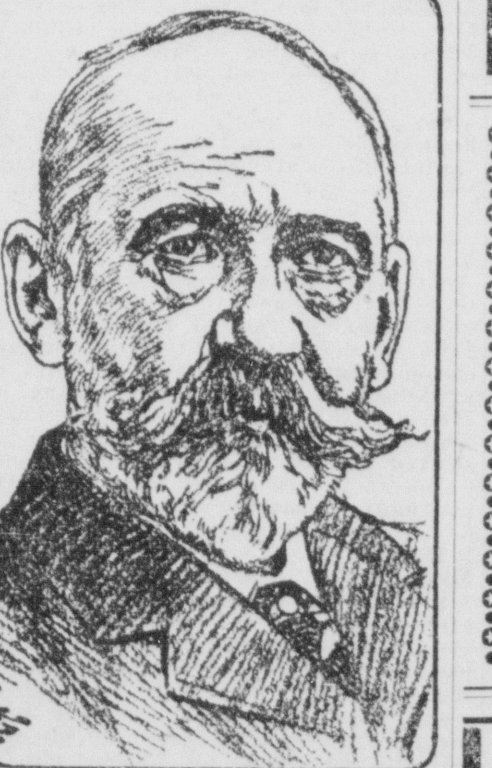
There is no doubt that the death list will reach 138 men. Officials of the company, who at first stated that not over 125 had been killed, now admit that 138 men went down the shaft to work Saturday morning. According to miners and others familiar with the number of men generally employed in the mine, the death list will exceed the company's estimate by at least fifty. From no source can an accurate statement as to the fatalities be secured, and it is possible that the exact number of men killed will never be known. The condition of the bodies thus far brought to the surface indicates something of the awful force of the explosion. Arms, legs or heads were missing from some and the trunks of others were burned, bruised and cut.

Two of the men taken from the mine had been suffocated and their bodies were not even scratched. One of these was John Ivill, a cousin of John H. Jones, president of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal company, owners of the mine, who was employed as head timekeeper. Ivill's body was found beneath a coal-digging machine, and it was apparent that the young man had crawled there in a vain effort to escape the deadly fumes.

The body of the other man was found near Ivill. The unfortunate had placed his face in a pool of water, which all miners are advised to do when an explosion occurs, in a desperate attempt to fight off suffocation until rescued. The opinion is expressed today by a number of expert miners that the mine will not be cleared of victims for several days. There is considerable gas in the mine, and there is danger of a second explosion.

It is estimated that one-fourth of the victims are Americans. Experts from Pennsylvania and West Virginia are in charge of the work of exploration and are being materially assisted by J. W. Paul and Clarence Hall of the United States experimental and testing station located at Pittsburg. Notwithstanding the isolation of Marianna, thousands of persons found their way there Sunday. A train in the morning brought many from Pittsburg and intermediate points, while over 500 vehicles of all descriptions were scattered over the hillsides surrounding the mine.

John Q. A. Ward Seriously Ill.  
New York, Nov. 30.—John Quincy Adams Ward, the oldest living American sculptor, is seriously ill here, suffering from a complication of diseases



JOHN Q. A. WARD.

which, in view of his advanced age, seventy-eight years, causes his friends to fear a fatal termination. Mr. ward's work adorns parks and squares in many cities in the United States, and examples of his sculptures are to be found in various museums and art collections.

The National League of Democratic clubs will hold sessions Dec. 8 to 10, for the purpose of maintaining intact the organization which now exists.

S.S.S. FOR  
RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism is caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood, which gradually gets into the circulation because of indigestion, constipation, weak kidney action, and other irregularities of the system which are sometimes considered of no importance. This uric acid causes an inflamed and irritated condition of the blood, and the circulation instead of nourishing the different portions of the body, continually deposits into the nerves, muscles, tissues and joints, the irritating, pain-producing acid with which it is filled. Rheumatism can only be cured by a thorough cleansing of the blood, and this is just what S. S. S. does. It goes down into the circulation, and by neutralizing the uric acid and driving it from the blood, effectually and surely removes the cause. S. S. S. strengthens and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, causing pain and agony throughout the system, it becomes an invigorating, nourishing fluid, furnishing health and vigor to every part of the body and relieving the suffering caused by this disease. S. S. S. being a purely vegetable blood purifier, is the surest and safest cure for Rheumatism in any of its forms. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

STAMPING IT OUT  
Michigan Authorities Act Promptly in  
Cattle Epidemic.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 28.—Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and chief A. D. Melvin of the Bureau of Animal Industry have left for Washington after expressing satisfaction that the campaign to suppress the local outbreak of the foot and mouth disease among cattle was well under way. Five herds numbering about sixty milch cows were appraised in Livonia township by B. F. Taggart, of Rome, Mich., under the auspices of the Michigan Live Stock Sanitary commission. The owners were allowed from \$40 to \$60 for the condemned animals. The slaughtering and burying of the diseased cattle was then begun under the direction of Dr. P. H. Mallowney of Boston.

A Paying Investment.

Mr. John White, of 36 Highland Ave., Houlton Main says: "I have been troubled with a cough every winter and spring. Last winter I tried many advertised medicines, but the cough continued until I bought a 50c. bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, before that was half gone the cough was all gone. This winter the same happy result has followed: a few doses once more banished the annual cough. I am now convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best of all cough and lung remedies." Sold under guarantee at W. F. Peters drug store. 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle Trial bottle free.

DR. H. I. SHERWOOD

EXAMINATION AND ADVICE  
FREE.

Experience is a great factor in the successful treatment of chronic disease. I have devoted over twenty years to the practice and study of my specialties. If you are suffering from any chronic disease come and see me, let me tell you what your trouble is and what I can do for you.

I have cured thousands who have been pronounced incurable, and will cure you.

I CURE Blood Poison, Nervous Debility or Decline, Variocoele, Hydrocele, Rupture, Piles, Catarrh, Indigestion, Lung and Heart troubles, Disease of the Kidneys, Bladder and Prostate, Female Complaints.

A CERTAIN CURE is what I will give you beyond a doubt if your case is curable, if not I will not accept your case.

There is no patch work in my specialties, I do just what I say and tell you just what I can do.

Office, 10 1/2 North Chestnut Street, SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

Don't Sit In The Cold

Use the PERFECTION OIL HEATER and have solid comfort in that corner that is hard to heat. A touch of a match and a steady flow of heat is the result. See them at our store.

W. A. Carter & Son  
17 EAST SECOND STREET.

Building Material

For the Best at  
the Lowest Price  
Delivered on  
Short Notice, See  
Travis Carter Co.

Gift Time and Watch Thoughts

A watch for Christmas! Some one in your family circle has expressed this preference—why not look them over now.

In the line of gifts, no one article so closely, so thoroughly entwines itself into our daily lives, nothing so greatly creates recurring thoughts of the giver, no gift so heartily appreciated.

We have them all, Good Watches and Better Watches, Walthams, Elgins, Illinois and the best watches of the better sort, THE GRUEN PRECISION AND GRUEN VERITHIN for men and women.

The "GRUEN" built for generations of exacting service, cased in a most beautiful assortment of distinctive, high class, artistic cases.

"IT'S THE WATCH FOR YOU."

J. G. LAUPUS, Jeweler